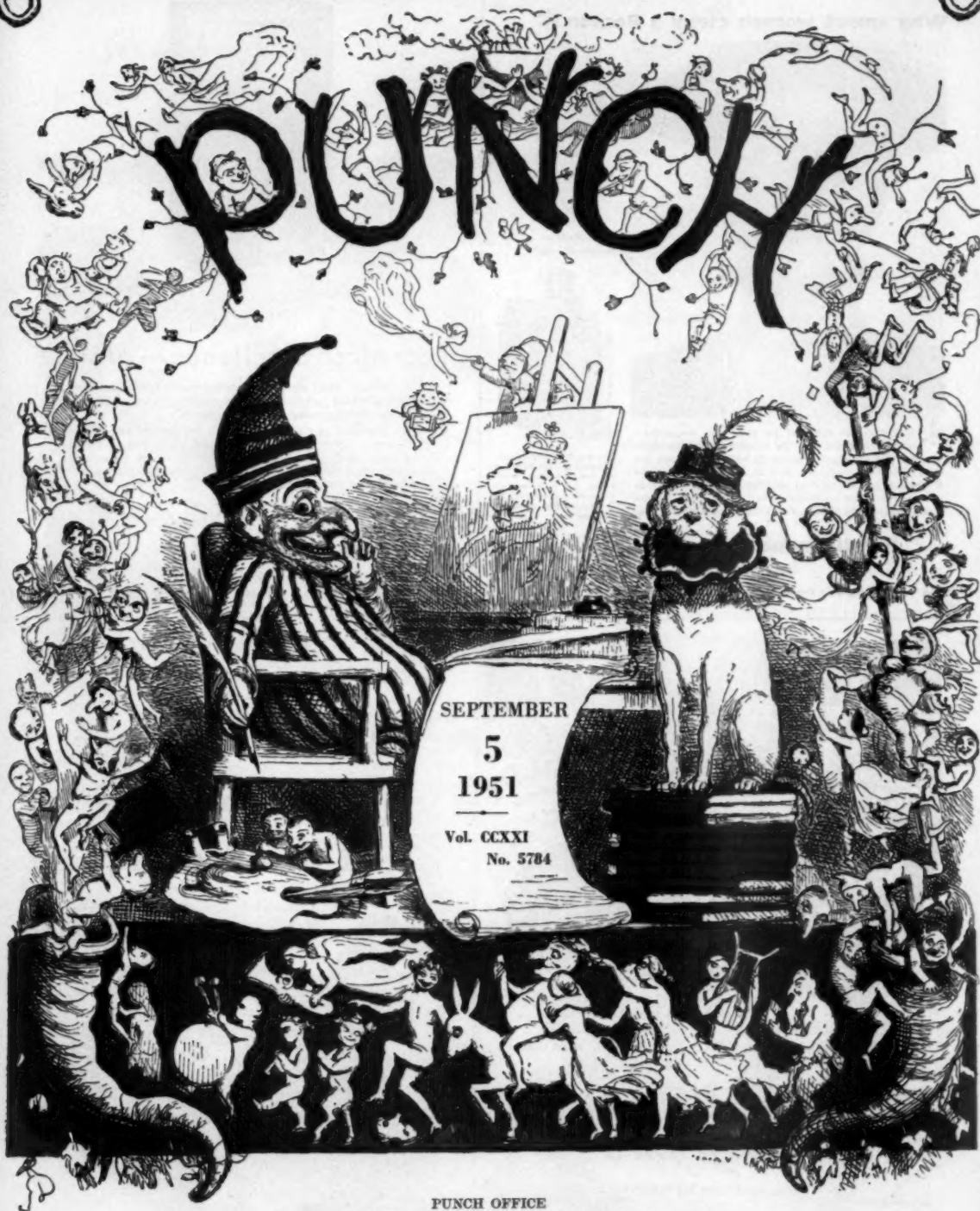


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5 1951

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

## Why smart women carry a Ronson \*



Press, it's lit—  
Release, it's out!



\* Smartness is achieved by taste and meticulous attention to detail—the discreet glove, the sleek hairline, the impeccable handbag with its Ronson for elegant line and swift, easy action. Like as not it's the Ronson Standard (above) jewellery finished and precision-built, as are all Ronsons, for years of sure, finger-touch lighting. As shown, 45%. Other finishes from 38.6.

Every part of this Ronson is tested at least 10 times to ensure lasting reliability, and it is backed throughout its long life by the unique Ronson after-sales service.

For distinction... get a **RONSON**

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**



Wines  
of  
Welcome

Two fine wines to grace your table...  
PAARL AMBER HOCK, clean, fresh and fragrant.  
VELDT BURGUNDY, soft and full. Both from  
South Africa at 8/- a bottle.



Shippers of Empires

Wines for 80 years.



## Technical excellence — plus..!

Model 1800 television receiver (with 12" aluminised tube) combines technical excellence with a cabinet which is built to the traditional R.G.D. standard.

Finished in carefully selected figured walnut, it has full-length doors which, when closed, completely conceal the tube face and loudspeaker grille — an important feature for those who know that fine instruments should also be fine furniture.

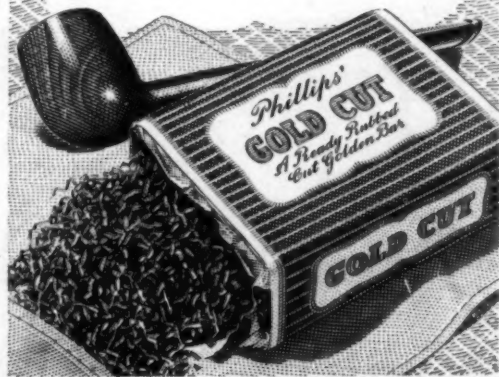


*The Aristocrat*

*of Radio and Television*

ACCREDITED DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN

A NEW old-style  
pipe tobacco  
at 4/- an ounce



ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

Just an ordinary stock watch...  
yet it lost only 10 seconds in a month!



This is the story of a South African watchmaker. He lives at Pinelands. And like a fine craftsman, he is highly critical. He had heard about the world-wide reputation for accuracy that CYMA watches have and he thought he would put it to the test.

Every single day during September 1949 he compared his CYMA watch with the Greenwich time signal on his radio. The result? Well, it amazed even this expert. For the variation was never more than two seconds from day to day! Over the whole month, over seven hundred and twenty hours of keen observation, the CYMA watch differed by only ten seconds!

The watchmaker wrote to us, reporting enthusiastically on this extraordinary performance. In his expert opinion, it was the best performance he had ever known from an ordinary stock watch. Could there be better proof of the unique quality and reliability of CYMA watches? This unequalled performance is the result of decades of research by outstanding specialists in one of the world's leading watch factories.

You can always depend on

**CYMA**

...one of the best Swiss Watches



Wouldn't Bill have loved this!

**Let's send him a cable!**

It's the first re-union he has ever missed. And he wouldn't have missed this one if the time schedule of that bridge job in Rio hadn't been knocked for six by the weather. But let's send him a cable. "See you next year" signed by all of us—I'll phone it through from here.



a CABLE means so much and costs so little

**CABLE & WIRELESS SERVICES**

47

**AT LAST!**

*The*  
**Remington**  
*noiseless* **PORTABLE**



PRICE  
**£36**

After an absence of more than a decade, the Remington Noiseless Portable is again available. Quietly efficient, it makes typing easier and better in any circumstances. And portable, too! No wonder it is acclaimed the world's finest personal typewriter.

Remington Noiseless Portable operates on the silent pressure printing principle. Attractive gray, non-glare finish. Complete with handy detachable hinged carrying case.

REMINGTON RAND LTD. (Dept. R.P.30) 1 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

**THE WORLD'S FINEST PORTABLE**



## In tune

'With a car such as that' said the Vicar, 'no doubt one could whisk from Land's End to John o' Groats in the twinkling of an eye. Good!'

'And yet' the Vicar went on, 'with a tobacco such as this, one can stay put anywhere and be happy. Better! The world goes rushing by, increasingly fast. But the beauty of Three Nuns is in its very slowness. When you light up, you are all set for a leisurely session. Each pipeful is a calculated dawdle. I offer you peace. You offer me progress. Perhaps we can now combine the two. I will climb into your motor car and we will both smoke Three Nuns en route.'

# Three Nuns

ORIGINAL BLEND · EMPIRE BLEND

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow



Fay Compton  
gave her brother  
Compton Mackenzie  
a Parker '51' for  
his birthday

FAY COMPTON, who is now appearing in the play "Intimate Relations," gave her novelist brother Compton Mackenzie a Parker '51' for his birthday. Most of the world's famous personalities write with a New Parker '51'; they choose it for its dignified modern appearance, and for its unique Aero-metric Ink System, which controls the supply of ink and ensures smooth, even writing.

New Features,  
New Precision, New Beauty

- NEW FOTO-BILL FILLER
  - NEW INK FLOW GOVERNOR
  - NEW FILL-GLASS RESERVOIR
  - NEW THIMBLE INK SUPPLY
- and many other new features

In Black, Teal Blue, Navy-grey  
and Burgundy  
Price 50/3 (with Lustraloy Cap)

## new Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

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Service Works: Lombard Road, Merton Road, Merton, S.W.19.

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# UNDERWEAR · SPORTS SHIRTS · TIES



Material, style, make-up—all contribute to masculine comfort and satisfaction in underwear for men in 'Celanese' Fabrics. Stocked exclusively in Ivory and Blue. Also Sports Shirts and Ties.

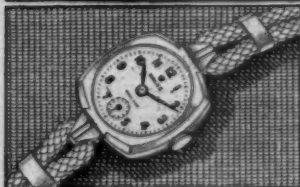


regd.

## Centuries of skill to make you proud



Behind your pride in your Rolex watch lie centuries of tradition. The Rolex craftsmen descend from the ancient medieval Guilds, and their exquisite workmanship surpasses that of their forebears. This man's gold dress watch, for instance. Every tiny screw and spring so formed, so set, that mass production is impossible, and accuracy and good looks go hand in hand.



You must blend beauty and accuracy to please a lady; this Rolex know to perfection. This ladies' gold watch, accurate, lovely as a jewel, is meant for people to whom lovely things mean much, to whom dependability is essential.

### TO OUR FRIENDS FROM OVERSEAS

The Rolex International Repair Department is at your service. Write, call, or phone, from anywhere in the world to 1 Green Street, Mayfair.



Your jeweller can show you a Tudor watch, that very distinguished member of the Rolex family.



THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. Wilsdorf, Governing Director)  
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1



## The end of a perfect dinner

DINERS may debate the relative virtues of sweet or dry, red or white, of noted names and classic years. But when dinner is over and coffee served, Grand Marnier is acclaimed by men and women, old and young. Here is France's finest liqueur, made exclusively with Cognac brandy, long matured in the deep rock cellars of the Charente—a drink with the unmistakable qualities of greatness. The flavour and aroma of Grand Marnier do not call for learned homilies, but for something akin to homage.

**Grand Marnier**

FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR

NO MANNER OF SERVING: Add a little Grand Marnier to fruit salads. It makes all the difference.  
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSS & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

## Don't be Vague ask for

# Haig

*No finer Whisky goes into any bottle*



OBTAINABLE  
IN ALL SIZES

**DISCOVERED  
TREASURE**

*These charming cottages are at Great Comberton,  
just south of Pershore in Worcestershire.*



Smoothly, silently your Austin will take you to the least-travelled corners of Britain. If you have time to turn from the highways you will find that the Austin is an ideal travelling companion. There is much to be discovered in this country even yet, and your Austin, which hurries you about your business so efficiently, can change its mood with yours and take you safely and comfortably on your voyage of exploration.

**A U S T I N - you can depend on it!**



GOOD CARS HAVE  
**BRITISH  
LEATHER**  
UPHOLSTERY

*For Luxurious comfort there's nothing like Leather*

**The Finest Pipe  
that Money can Buy**  
*...and the Tobacco for it*

The "Foursome" Pipe, skillfully fashioned in many beautiful shapes from old bruyere root is truly a pipe for the connoisseur.

**"FOURSOME" TOBACCO**

This pipe tobacco is blended by experts to an old fashioned recipe; free from artificial flavours it provides a smoke of rich and rare enjoyment.

"Foursome" Pipes & "Foursome" Tobacco are for the discerning smoker; they are obtainable only at high class tobacconists.

For address of nearest stockist write to the Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co. Ltd., Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.



**Foursome**

*Pipes and Tobacco*

THE ROBERT SINCLAIR TOBACCO CO. LTD., MANUFACTURERS, WESTGATE ROAD, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, 1.



**Oil** took to water when Noah used pitch to keep the Ark afloat. Oil is used as fuel by the fastest modern liners. Oil is a cargo that every country in the world can use. Ocean-going tankers carry the oil products of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company over the seven seas to supply light, heat and power throughout the world.

**Anglo-Iranian Oil**  
COMPANY, LIMITED



THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF  
THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION  
OF ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD.



*"Pull in, and I'll get those THREE CASTLES"*

More ways than one to a man's heart—  
for instance, knowing of a cigarette  
he'd like better. Clever lady.  
Fortunate fellow. Superlative cigarette.



*The*  
**"THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes**

20 for 3/11

TY349C

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

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### *Sea Voyages by* **ROYAL MAIL LINES**



RIO DE JANEIRO



BUENOS AIRES

Thrilling days of sight-seeing at Rio... Santos... Montevideo—with stays ashore at these ports if you wish, joining the same or another vessel homeward bound—and a 6 to 8 days stay at Buenos Aires, where you may use the 'Andes' or 'Alcantara' as your hotel.

*Next Winter—  
find Summer in South America*

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WEST END PASSENGER OFFICE: America House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1  
Tel.: WHI 0646



**Welcome**  
**to the Inns of**  
**Britain**  
**beer is best**

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1



# Big doings at Coryton



ON the Thames Estuary, at Coryton, combined British and American brains and resources are working in harness under the flag of Vacuum Oil Company to build a new refinery. The resulting products will eventually replace those at present imported from dollar sources and will ensure for the United Kingdom the supply of famous Flying Red Horse and Gargoyle lubricants and petroleum products—unsurpassed in quality and developed during 85 years' experience.

With the backing of the Coryton Refinery, an extended Vacuum Specialised Lubrication Service will be even better equipped to improve production and performance of your plant and transport. Why not refer your lubrication problem to us?

A complete lubrication service for everything mechanical—

## THAT'S THE VACUUM WAY

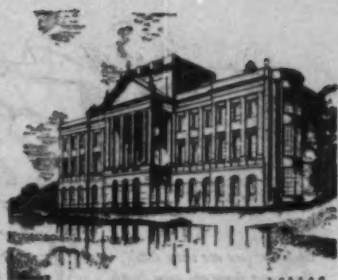
Makers of MOBILOIL, GARGOYLE Industrial and Marine Lubricants, MOBILAND for tractors and farm machinery, DELVACOILS and SOVAC OILS for motor transport, PROCESS PRODUCTS, and specially prescribed oils for individual problems.



VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

IN 1346 Sir Thomas Danyers was rewarded by the King for rescuing the Standard of the Black Prince at Crecy and capturing the Constable of France at the Battle of Crecy, with the grant of land called Lyme Hamlet.

The first building, which was used until 1550, was subsequently replaced with a house. In 1728 the Italian artist Giacomo Leoni was commissioned to transform the house into the style which it bears to-day. It was occupied by the Leigh family continuously from the fourteenth century until 1946, when it was conveyed to the National Trust.



LYME PARK, CHESHIRE  
(Property of the National Trust)

Martins Bank has made a friendly personal approach a particular feature of its service to customers. The Bank's system of decentralisation of control into clearly defined districts ensures the full advantage of local knowledge, and with the care and consideration of your branch manager the "personal touch" is ensured.



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His Majesty the King  
Manufacturers of  
Land Rovers  
The Rover Company Ltd.



One of Britain's Fine Cars

# ROVER

Seventy-Five

### Festival of Britain

See Rover's revolutionary gas turbine driven car, the first in the world, in the Transport Pavilion on the South Bank.

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED

SOLIHULL BIRMINGHAM ALSO DEVONSHIRE HOUSE LONDON



"Children, you are very little,  
And your bones are very brittle.  
If you could grow great and sturdy,  
You must try to walk sedately."

R. L. STEVENSON

After we'd thought of using quotations about babies as headlines, we almost abandoned the plan. Take a given subject—say "grandmothers" or "lascivious"—then comb literature for references and you'll see why. However, we came across the gem above and couldn't resist it. R.L.S. was probably more concerned with rhyming, than with niceties of child psychology and physiology. At Trufood, of course, we are concerned only with children and how to feed them. We make a food for babies. Cow's milk is our raw material only. Our finished product is not simply a dried cow's milk, it is a special food specifically adapted to the nutritional needs of the bottle-fed baby. And children fed on Trufood though they may be 'little', have strong and healthy bones, not 'brittle'.



TFW 17-100



Happy, healthy,  
and above all, safe in

# Chilprufe

**CHILPRUFE**  
IS  
**PURE WOOL**  
MADE  
PERFECT

for **CHILDREN**

Also Chilprufe Outerwear, Shoes, Toys and  
TAILORED COATS for Children. Ask your  
Chilprufe agent or write for CATALOGUE.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED, LEICESTER

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YOUR  
GUARANTEE

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**A superbly engineered  
ELECTRIC CLEANER**

Ask your Electrical  
Retailer for  
demonstration and details.

**G.E.C.**

The name  
to remember  
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Insist on *Chuzzle*  
Quality



**Art Dessert**  
CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

AND HERE'S GOOD

*linen*

Have you visited the Stores' linen department? It's certainly one of London's finest—and very big; it must be to display our really enormous stocks of fine linens. Here's one of the good things you will see: *Irish linen face towels* in huckaback, blue, green, buttercup-gold or soft rose. Sheraton motif in damask. Hemstitched ends. 22 x 38 ins. 8/6

## MANY A SLIP

After a hot and bothered day, a cool pillow-slip . . . and we have many a slip!—including standard size pillowcases (20 x 30 ins.) 'housewife' closing. Either plain hemmed (cotton 5/3, linen 9/7) or with a-row cord hems (cotton 12/11, linen 16/8). And see our coloured sheets, blankets and bedspreads—these last in everything from Indian prints to candlewick. You'll like the quilts down-filled and quilted in 6-inch squares (ruched edges): they go particularly well with modern décors

## CUP AND LIP

For the cups: really good quality *linen tea towels*, borders and centres in woven coloured stripes of blue, green or red, 24 x 35 ins. 4/3 each. For lip service: napkins and table linens in snowy damasks, hand-woven colours, printed rainbow hues. Then we have an incredible variety of towels, glass cloths, fancy linens—everything, in fact, from a sturdy kitchen cloth to the sort of wedding present the bride prays for

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*of the world-famed Mappin quality*

TO THE UNTRAINED EYE, THE ESSENTIAL QUALITY IN DIAMONDS IS OFTEN DIFFICULT TO DISTINGUISH. BUT TO DEAL WITH A FIRM OF MAPPIN & WEBB'S STANDING IS TO ENJOY COMPLETE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR CHOICE. WE WELCOME VISITORS TO OUR SHOWROOMS WHERE KNOWLEDGEABLE ADVICE IS GLADLY GIVEN.



WAY WE SEND OUR ORDMAN  
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PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY

*flexible* AS YOUR FINGER...  
'stays put' AT ANY ANGLE



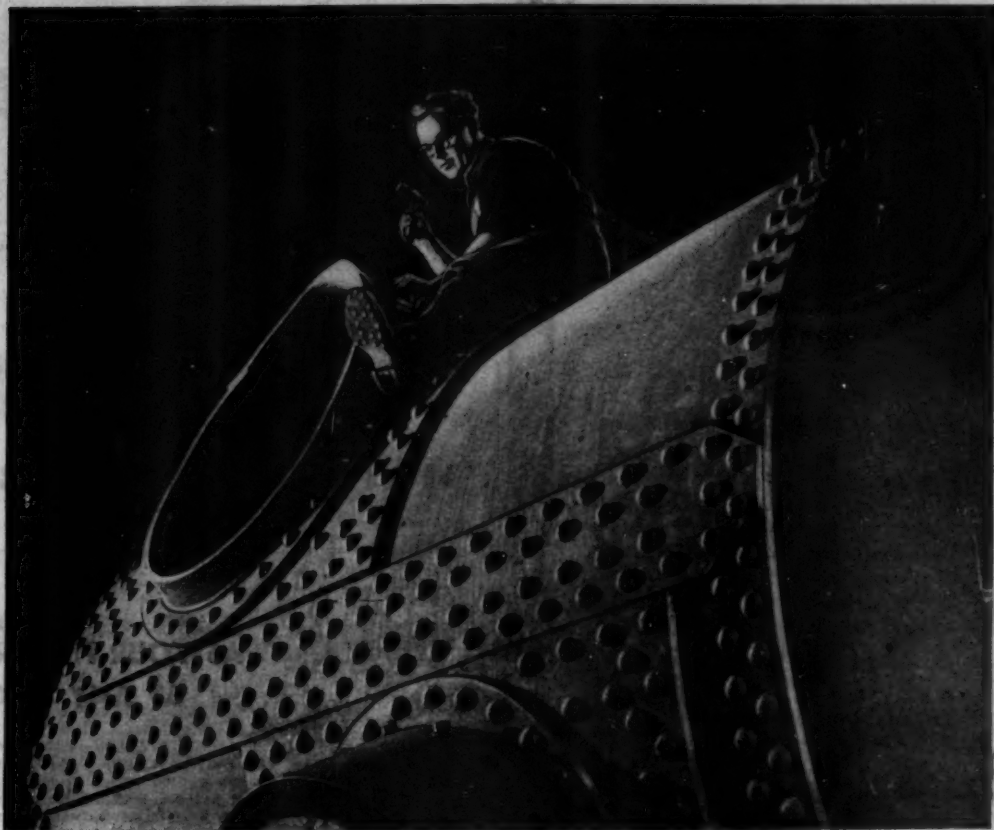
WHATEVER you do, wherever you work, there's the TERRY ANGLEPOISE Lamp—of 1001 angles at a finger touch—to help you do even better. Move it where you will, as you want it, and it stays put. A concentrated beam on your work or book, not in your eyes. Easily the lamp of the century—flexible light. Uses a 25 or 40 watt bulb only—think of the current saving alone! In Black, Cream or Cream-and-Gold. From £4.19.6 (inc. p.t.) all electricians or stores.



Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD • REDDITCH  
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TALLS

# On the job for 158 years



There is a purposeful ring in the air of a Newton Chambers engineering shop. For here men work with a vigour, a sureness of touch, and a sense of pride which betoken a skilled team. In this same place have worked the fathers and grandfathers of present-day

craftsmen, and here, most likely, will work their sons and grandsons. And everything that leaves these workshops carries with it this spirit—this background. *At Newton Chambers every present-day development rests on the sure foundation of 158 years of hard-won experience.*

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& COMPANY LIMITED, THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD

HEAVY CONSTRUCTIONAL ENGINEERING, EXCAVATORS, INDUSTRIAL AND DOMESTIC HEATING APPLIANCES,  
FUEL ECONOMISERS, IZAL AND OTHER CHEMICAL PRODUCTS.



THE BEGINNING OF A NEW TRADITION

IN MASCULINE GROOMING

# Corvette is here!



## A complete range of toilet preparations for men

After years of personal research into men's likes and dislikes — Corvette is here! A complete range of nine preparations from which men can choose three or four essential grooming needs, each perfect in itself, each made to a matched formula of exceptional quality.

**Buy Corvette today**... as soon as you use it, Corvette will capture your complete confidence.



SHAVING CREAM 2/6 SHAVING DOWL 4/6  
LATHER SHAVING CREAM 2/6  
BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM 2/6  
HAIR CREAM 2/6 BRILLIANTINE 2/6  
SOLID SHILLANKINE 2/6 AFTER-SHAVE LOTION 2/6  
TALCUM POWDER 2/6

GOYA (MEN'S DIVISION) • 61 NEW BOND STREET • W.1

ESCAPE TO THE PAST

## A Snuff Box, Soiled

OF all the fripperies which reflected the mannered elegance of XVIIIth and XVIIIth century society, perhaps the vainest and most sumptuous was the snuff box. The wealth and richness of a man's snuff boxes became the mark of his rank.

Boxes were made from chased, turned or delicately engraved gold and silver. They were decorated with precious stones. Some had cameos of Dresden. Others carried delicate paintings in enamel or water-colour under crystal. The cleverest craftsmen of Europe were commissioned. The finest materials were used.

But if snuff boxes were extravagant, their accompanying fripperies were fabulous. Because someone had taken a pinch of snuff from a box belonging to Charles II, the king promptly

threw it out of the window. Frederick the Great once caught a page boy purloining a snuff from his favourite box.

"Boy", he said, "put that box in your pocket. It is not large enough for both of us."

Today, little remains of that age of extraordinary ease. We can still thrill to the artistry implicit in an antique snuff box or the restrained richness of a portrait by Van Dyck. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are picked in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world, Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

**"PERFECTOS FINOS"**



**CIGARETTES**

FF23 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



**W**ith four doors, independent four-wheel suspension and comfortable four seat capacity, this four-cylinder rear-engined, 30 m.p.g. car is a revelation of economy and comfort. Manoeuvrability too, is one of the Renault 750's strong points; you should see the confident way it weaves through traffic and worms its way into meagre parking spaces.

# RENAULT 750

THE SMALL CAR WITH 'BIG-CAR' COMFORT AND RELIABILITY

Renault Limited, Western Avenue, London W.3

For all those conditions in which  
aspirin would have been taken,  
**DISPRIN** is recommended



The tablets in these two glasses have the same purpose: to relieve pain. But they are different. They behave differently in water: they behave differently in your stomach.

The one, 'Disprin', dissolves rapidly to form a true solution. The other is almost insoluble, and enters the stomach as a suspension of undissolved acid particles. Because Disprin is freely soluble it is readily absorbed by the system and its beneficent effects are felt without delay.

Moreover, Disprin is substantially neutral (non-acid) and therefore far less likely to cause heartburn, dyspepsia or other symptoms of gastric irritation.

# DISPRIN

because it is soluble and far less acid

From all chemists: 50-tablet bottle 3/4,  
25-tablet bottle 2/-, pocket pack 8 tablets 9d.

# 1st for speed AND efficiency in the

## 1951 National Typewriting Contests

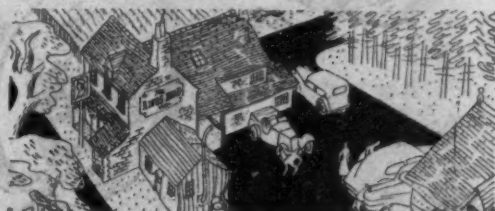
Confirmation of the fine performance of Imperial Typewriters is given by the results of the 'News Chronicle' Typewriting Contests.

In the Speed Section 1st and 2nd Prize winners used Imperial Typewriters and in the All-round Efficiency Section the 1st and 2nd Prize winners also used Imperials.

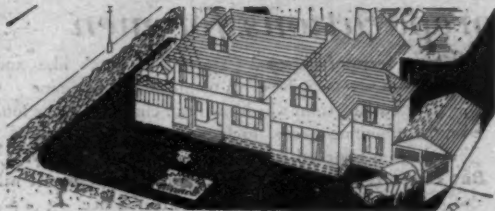


## Imperial Typewriters and Service

Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd., Leicester



## COLAS stands firm



Shoe leather, car tyres, cartwheels — every kind of traffic comes alike to COLAS. It lasts for years without attention, ignores the weather and remains clean, level and dust-free. COLAS can be applied cold in any ordinary weather, using no special apparatus or skilled labour. Natural coloured chippings can be used for the final coat. Inexpensive COLAS is right for any job from a garden path to a public highway.

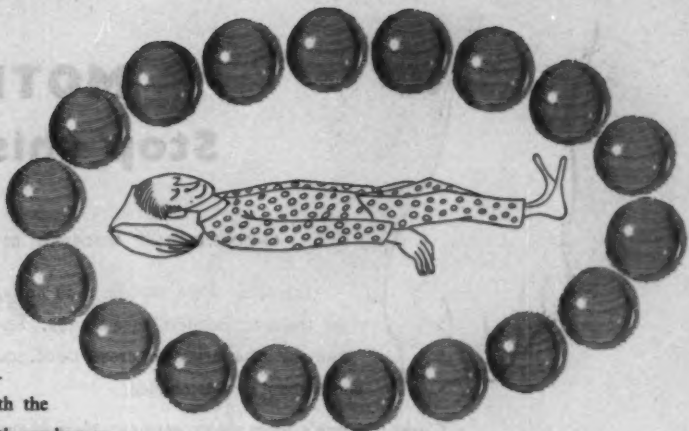
May we remind you that the COLAS Service Organisation is able to contract for the construction, maintenance, and repair of footpaths, carriageways, drives, etc.

## COLAS

## Emulsion

AGENTS ERIE Roads and Courts Limited, 42 Merrion Square, Dublin. Tel. 66245.  
COLAS PRODUCTS LTD., Dept. P, Lion House, Red Lion St., Richmond, Surrey. RICHMOND 6020

**I dreamt  
that I dwelt  
in marble halls**



That's me, asleep. Those are the marbles round about. I'm warm . . . quiet . . . happy . . . Nothing to do with the spots on my pyjamas. Nothing to do with earplugs or opium. I'VE JUST DISCOVERED THAT THE WORLD'S BEST ALL-ROUND INSULATING MATERIAL CONSISTS OF NOTHING BUT MILLIONS OF FINE GLASS FILAMENTS, SPUN FROM GLASS MARBLES! Wonderful! Makes walls heat-tight . . . roofs ditto . . . floors sound-proof . . . life restful. Builders use it. So do architects. Also engineers. It's called:—

# FIBREGLASS

TRADE MARK

FIBREGLASS LIMITED, Ravenhead, St. Helens, Lancs. St. Helens 4224



All what? An effortless gear change from top to overdrive without use of clutch pedal, giving luxurious, smooth motoring at higher cruising speeds, lower petrol consumption and longer engine life.

Thus the LAYCOCK-DE NORMANVILLE OVERDRIVE, supplied as an optional extra on Standard Vanguard and Triumph Retown cars.

Write us for descriptive literature, and specify the LAYCOCK-DE NORMANVILLE OVERDRIVE for your new car.



*The British*  
**Laycock-  
de Normanville  
overdrive**

Manufactured by  
THE LAYCOCK ENGINEERING CO., LTD., SHEFFIELD 6, ENGLAND. (A Birfield Co.)  
UNDER EXCLUSIVE LICENCE FROM: AUTO TRANSMISSIONS LTD., COVENTRY.

M.C.2

**2%** **2¼%** **2½%**

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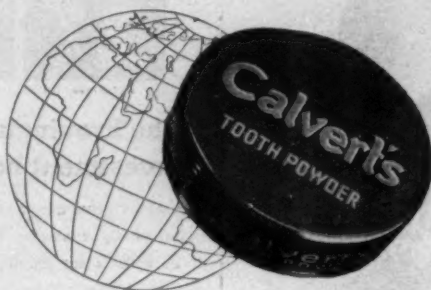
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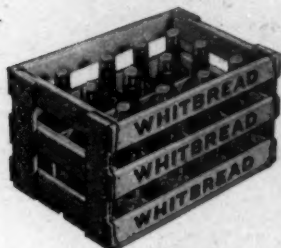
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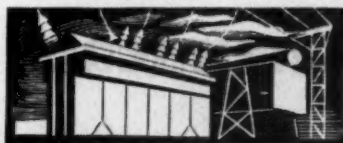
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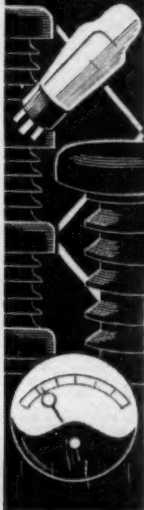
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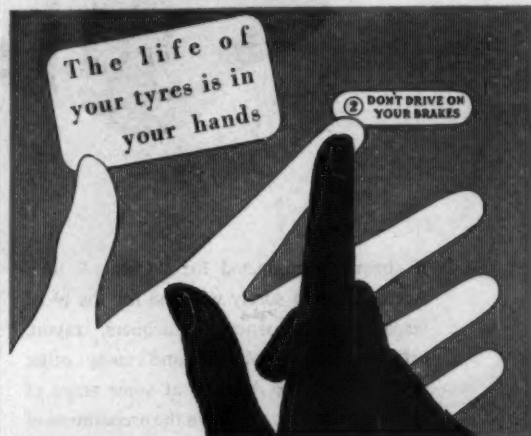
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## CHARIVARIA

A LABOUR M.P. has confidently predicted that the next General Election will take place on October 25. We shall know in due course whether he was right or grossly misquoted by the Press.

The Bamangwato are believed to have offered to send observers here to investigate the differences between the observers we sent to investigate theirs.



In spite of the Festival, seven per cent fewer Americans visited this country during July than in July 1950. This is not including the armed forces, of course.

"He declined to say whether or not he had yet consulted his solicitor. 'I don't want to make any comment about that, but the matter is being actively pursued.'"

"Cambridge Daily News"

Tally-ho!

L

Randolph Turpin declares that if he wins his big fight in America, he wants to have done it entirely on his own merits. So much for the rumour that he expects Errol Flynn to do it for him.

"Dona Celestina Bosa, who died at San Cristobal in the Argentine, aged 108, had 108 grand-children, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand-children."

"We have heard that one before," was the London comment to-day on the Soviet message, writes the Press Association diplomatic correspondent.

"West Lancashire Evening Gazette"

Those Russians are always interfering in other people's business.



Two hundred London taxis are to be equipped with two-way radio so that drivers with empty cabs can be directed to fares from their headquarters when there are none about in their neighbourhood. Still, the driver can always hang a glove over his aerial.

253

## Surprise Item

"From E. Riccaoli to Ghar-id. Dud conditions improved, and the picturesque scene of goats gliding by on a sparkling sea gave much pleasure to spectators on the sea front."

"Times of Malta"

Chinese troops in Korea have sent an invitation to Allied troops to join them in a party in No Man's Land, ending "Hail the immediate realization for battlefield friendly entertainment!" This has caused some rather red faces in ENSA.

"A meeting of the Fellowship will be held in the Conference Room at 1.25 p.m. on Monday, 2nd July 1951. Mr. G. S. Bowker, M.I.P.C., M.S.T.A., Director of Public Cleansing Salford, will address the meeting on 'The Writing on the Wall.'"

Manchester paper

Up his street, evidently.

A deserter told a magistrate that he had spent most of the summer at a popular holiday camp. It seems that he didn't want to be entirely unprepared for a resumption of Army life.



24661.1.2

## POETS AT THE FESTIVAL

Spenser

## THE BOWRE OF BATTERSEY

Sir Guyon in a litel bote  
Doth fare to Battersey,  
And there he doth a Sorcerer  
Encounter by the way.

And where ageyn a pier a litel bote  
All trim with tackel by that water aide  
In restles toyle upon the streem did flote,  
There came Sir Guyon with his gentil guide,  
Who loos'd the chayne, and on the flowing  
tide  
They sail'd unto a garden green and goy  
That was ful wel y-fam'd both far and wide,  
Wherein they might themselves disport and pley,  
And was by men y-clept the Bowre of Battersey.

There *Mirth* doth ever dwell, and *Fancy* is  
A lovelie goddess of this easefull place;  
There can no *Sorrow* be (but joyous *Blis*)  
Nor *Melancholy* show her dolefull face;  
There gallant walks their shadow'd marches trace  
Betwixt the tents and gay pavilions bright,  
And sparkling fountains play with artfull grace

Ageyn the Sunne, that blinds the aking sight,  
And through the dancing leaves pours out his chekker'd  
light.

"Now," quod his merry guide, "I prey thee stand  
Where mirthfull *Leisure* wields her pleasaunt powre,  
For sluggard *Time* in this enchaunted land  
Doth slow unwind his brief delaying howre."  
So came Sir Guyon to that blisfull bowre  
Where hie uprear'd his head above them al,  
Y-fashion'd wel, a light fantastick towre,  
Adoun whose sides one and an other ball,  
Each after each, in endles rayn did downward fall.

A grotto was there eke, and al a-neare  
The nois engyns work'd their magick spel;  
And there they shrieked al with joyfull feare  
That had adventur'd in such antick hell.  
Anon Sir Guyon met (as it bifol)  
A wise Enchaunter, that is *Fancy's* childe,  
Who with uplifted hand him greeted wel,  
And craz'd Sir Guyon with his gajets wilde,  
And unto *Oyster Creeke* his erring feet beguill'd. . . .

G. H. VALLINS

## CHANGE

THE woman answered the man's inquiry what she had been doing in a single word. "Pictures."

"Pictures?" he expostulated.

The woman rushed to her own defence. "Just because the sun happens to be shining, I don't see why I shouldn't have a bit of a change."

The man conceded to the inevitable. "What did you see?"

"I'd seen it before, as a matter of fact."

"Did you know?"

"I wanted to see it again, that's all. I *Cover the Waterfront* it was. Do you remember? They keep singing the song in it."

"What song?"

The woman put the problem up to him. "What song do you think it would be?"

"I *Cover the Waterfront*."

The woman congratulated him. "That's right. The other picture I'd seen too," she offered.

The man appeared constrained

to object. "But there are only two pictures in a programme."

"*My Son, My Son* that one was," the woman pursued. "It's about a father who worships his son. He falls in love with a girl."

"The father?"

"The son too. She's much older than he is."

"Not the father?"

"The son. He's about twenty and she's about thirty." She went into details. "She keeps telling him he oughtn't to fall in love with her."

"What a bore."

"A bore?" The woman reproved him. "It was poignant! You should have seen the woman next to me crying! And the people as they were coming out were all saying to each other how good it was."

The man did his best to salvage something from the wreckage of the afternoon. "That only left the news you hadn't seen."

The woman said "I'd seen that."

"You'd seen it?"

"They're never very up-to-date there with their news. There was that thing in it, do you remember, about the jet plane landing on the Thames?"

The man refused to make the effort of memory. He offered his sympathy. "So you wasted your time."

"Not at all." She reminded him of the advantage gained. "It made a change."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

## Punch Festival Exhibition

The Punch Room and an Exhibition of recent original drawings are on view to readers at the Punch Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4, on every WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.





THE NEW DIPLOMACY



"I can remember when this was nothing but desert."

## FAME AT FIRST

**C**HATTER-column scandal is currently being squirted at Marvin Older, due to make his debut as producer with *Carry Me Home* at the Circus Theatre.

Lay off him, boys and girls!

I can say with hand on heart that there is no truth in these alleged inside-stories about Marvin keeping his leopard on a chain only four feet long in his swank Mayfair apartment.

Marvin (he hates his name too!) never had a leopard. "I wouldn't know one," he confided to me. "Perhaps they're thinking of my raven." His jet-black raven's name is Alfie.

By the way, Marvin's leading lady Lyla may have a Boniface (ouch!), but boy! can that girl fill out a certain fetching number that she wears to rehearsal!

Watch out for a romance. Little birds keep telling me things.—*Sunday Photo*

**Woman of the Month.** Elusively attractive, svelte, recondite, bi-lingual, with a brocade-velvet voice, Miss Lyla Boniface (posed here by Ernst Tchiez against misty sprays of artificial mimosa) is the newest star to grace the West End scene both on and off the stage. Her cameo ring, of rare and delicate beauty, is an heirloom.—*Rogue*

Our younger readers will be pleased to hear that Alfie, Miss Lyla Boniface's jet-black kitten, drinks iced

tea from a cup and saucer. A half-crown postal order for the first photo of a reader's kitten doing the same opened before the first post on Friday.—*Kitty-Mag*

Although Lyla Boniface, the star of a new play, *Carry Me Home*, which starts in London to-night, cannot claim any Yammerton associations, it is interesting (writes one of our reporters) to note that Mrs. Deign, who once taught Miss Boniface elocution and mime, is the sister of Mrs. L. E. Dankwater, of 14 The Crescent. Mrs. Dankwater, well-known for her Airedales, frequently helps her husband in his garage. "I adore getting dirty," she told our reporter to-day. Asked if she had met Miss Boniface, Mrs. Dankwater said "No." Success of the negotiations would depend on the Russian

*The Yammerton Courier and Gazette*

Salute to-day a man of courage. A man of strength of purpose.

A man of the people.

Twenty years ago Marvyn Older swept a stage with a broom.

He was a nonentity.

But the flame burnt within him.

Last night a new play opened at London's Circus Theatre. Who produced it? Whose patient brain and dogged scheming were the mainsprings of this mighty undertaking?

Marvyn Older's.  
Salute him. Not a statesman.  
Just a brave man, who came up from  
the bottom of the ladder, on the firm  
rungs of Private Enterprise.

*Daily Distress*

Not for a long time has the Editor's office rung with quite such gay laughter as it did one day last week.

The reason? None other than Lyla Boniface, the actress, who came in for a whirlwind chat between a visit to the hairdresser and cocktails at a certain hotel not a mile from this office! For Lyla is such a busy person these days. What with acting in *Carry Me Home* at night, and rewriting the third act every morning, she has hardly a minute to herself.

Her nail-varnish (the new Green Pink), her cameo ring (a present from Ernst Tchiez, the society photographer), and her polka-dot, off-the-shoulder raincoat, captivated us all, as did her merry quips and frank, bubbling conversation. She told us that producer Mervyn Older, her uncle, last year sold his chain of luxury hotels and decided to take up the stage. He finds it amusing, she says.

Miss Boniface's first article is in this issue. But before you read it, how would you set about transforming half a barge into a four-roomed country cottage? You don't believe it? Then turn to page 13 at once!

*Woman's Fun*

London, Eng. Latest B'way musical to hit Circus Theater here is *Pepys Show*, that one about the guy who

put the British navy on its feet. Remember? The Circus has been gathering dust since *Carry Me Home* looked in there for a dozen performances last month. Last words on this curiosity, staged by playboy Martin Older, were spoken by famed London critic H. Hobson. To London cabby after the premiere, wearily said abstemious Hobson, "Brother, carry me home." Glum, curvaceous amateur Lyla Boniface, who starred, collects cameos and barges. That's a plenty.—*Tide*

ALEX ATKINSON

2 2

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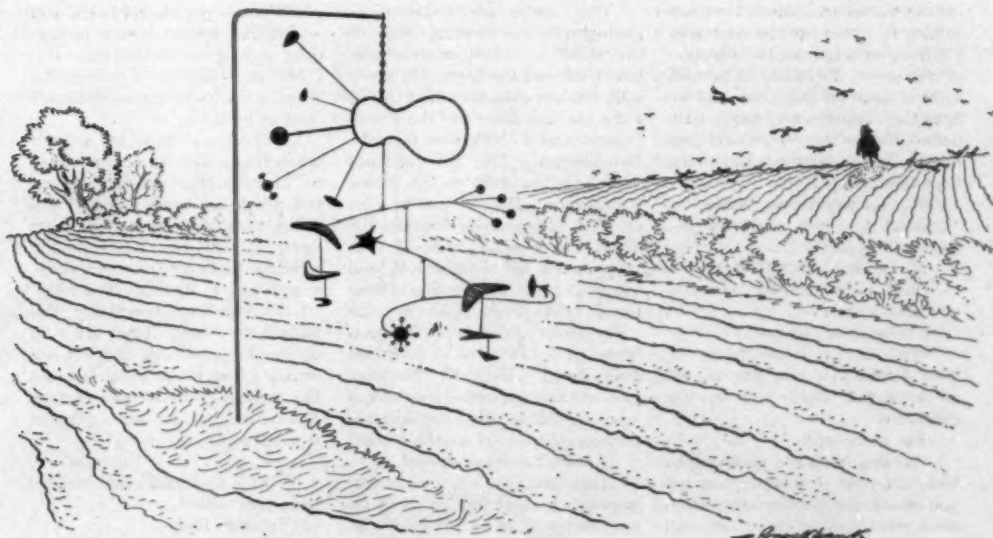
13 April, 1951

We have been advised of a further increase in the price of paper bags which will represent 5/- per ton on the price of Hydrated Lime.

In addition to this, the extra cost of fuel, due to increased rail charges, will mean a further 6d. per ton . . .

Series of letters from — Limes Ltd.

Any increase owing to the increase in the price of notepaper?





### GALLOPING COMMENTARY

SO now we take you to Number 201 Piccadilly, where our commentator is going to tell you what's going on at the B.B.C.'s exhibition there. Over, then, to 201 Piccadilly.

Good evening, everybody, well, I'm standing here at Number 201 Piccadilly, just inside the turnstile, and there are people milling past me in both directions, some of them are coming in, those are the ones who I can see coming from the direction of the street, Piccadilly it is, and some of them are going out, and we hope they've had a very happy time here. Excuse me, sir, would you mind telling us, have you had a very happy time here?

Oh, aye, very happy, thanks.

Good, and now could we just have your name?

My name's Albert Hartopp.

Good, that's fine, and where do you come from?

I come from Liverpool.

Well, that's absolutely grand.

Now would you just like to tell us what you liked best in this exhibition?

The photographs.

Oh, you liked the photographs best, did you? I'd better just tell you about the photographs, there are a great many of them here, and they're all divided up into sort of sections; for instance, over there I

can see Stuart Hibberd in his spats, and there is Henry Hall, I think it is, yes, it's Henry Hall, and there's Winston Churchill. So you see the photographs here form what you might call an historical section, wouldn't you agree with that, Mr. Hartopp?

Aye, that's right.

Then there are a lot more photographs representing each of the B.B.C.'s British programmes, the Home and the Light and the—well, I'm not quite sure what this is, I can see Karl Marx and the Prince Consort and I think that must be Mendelssohn. Oh, my colleague here tells me this is the Third Programme. They've put in a lot of 1851 photographs because the Third had a whole week of 1851 programmes for the Festival, and you can't make photographs of their usual kind of programmes, like "Physics at Very Low Temperatures" and "Patterns in American Folk Song." Well, Mr. Hartopp, just one last question—I wonder if you can tell us why you like the photographs best of anything here?

I haven't seen one else yet.

I see, well, that's extraordinarily interesting. And now we must get on, there's a lot to see yet. Oh, I should have mentioned that by each programme in the section

we've just been looking at there are a lot of earphones, as we used to call them, earphones, and if you listen you can hear the appropriate programme. I'll just put one of them near the microphone and you'll hear—you should hear—you—well, there doesn't seem to be anything coming out of this one. Oh, I beg your pardon, that was the Third again, and of course it doesn't open up until six.

Well, now, here is a very interesting section we're just coming to. There's a television camera here, and people are being televised and seeing themselves in the television screen as they go. I can see my colleague Anthony Toast over there, so over now to Anthony Toast.

Good evening, everybody, this is Anthony Toast. There are a lot of people here, and they're just having a look to see what they look like in front of a television camera. Excuse me, madam, have you seen yourself in the television?

Ooo, yes.

That's fine, and could we just have your name?

Celestine Rudge.

And do you come from London?

No, I come from Ipswich.



Well, that's absolutely splendid; and tell me now, what record would you like us to play?

*I don't want you to play no record at all, I want to tell you what I looked like on television.*

Oh, yes, so you do, that was a very bad mistake, wasn't it? Well, then, Celestine, tell us what you think you looked like on television.

*Awful.*

Oh, I'm sure you didn't. Why do you think you looked awful?

*One side of my face looked all different from the other.*

Oh, well, I don't think you need worry, they both look exactly the same from here. At least, well—er—well, thank you very much, Celestine. Now tell us, what else have you seen in this exhibition?

*I made a record of my voice.*

Ah, you made a record of your voice, did you? And did you think it was a nice voice?

*I thought it was awful.*

Oh, I'm sure it wasn't. Why do you think it was awful?

*Well, it didn't sound a bit like me.*

Well, I don't see why that should necessarily mean it sounded awful, but we'll let that pass. Now there's still a lot to see, so I'll just hand you over to my colleague Cyprian Flush in the Overseas section. Over to you now.

*Darling, I've never felt the same about anyone else until—*



Well, they don't seem to be quite ready for us there, so I'll just tell you quite briefly that there's a dome-shaped hall, and it has all the details of the overseas transmissions in it, and also the inquiry desk, where there are some very attractive young ladies in charge, as you may have deduced, and incidentally it acts as a kind of whispering-gallery, as my colleague Cyprian Flush probably knows by now. So now we come to the last section in this little exhibition, which is the technical section, so over to Gerald Glimmering in the technical department.

Well, good evening, everybody, this is Gerald Glimmering, and here we are in the technical section of the B.B.C. exhibition in Piccadilly. I came here under the impression that I was to play Hamlet in a Wednesday matinee, but never mind about that. Well, here are two young

ladies very busy doing something technical. Would you mind telling us just what it is that you're doing?

*We're making sapphire needles for recording.*

Well now, that's extraordinarily interesting. I never knew they were made here before, but time's running short and there's a gentleman here who's just about to record his voice, and would you mind telling us your name, sir?

*REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR DRUMSTICK.*

Well, thank you very much, I'm afraid that's almost certainly broken the recording apparatus, and as we have still one more call to make before this programme ends, we must leave 201 Piccadilly and I'll hand you over to Brian Birdcage, who is going to tell you about the receiving end of broadcasting at the Radio Show at Earl's Court.

Good evening, everybody, this is Brian Birdcage at the Radio Show at Earl's Court. There are about ninety stands showing wireless and television sets here, so let's start with this one. Excuse me, sir, that looks a very nice set you have there. Would you mind telling us how much that is?

*Seven hundred and forty-three pounds one and ninepence.*

Thank you very much. Well, there are some other sets here as well of course, but time's running short, and I must tell you about the radio-controlled model lifeboats and the mock-up of the plotting centre of H.M.S. *Contest* and the model of London Airport and the electronic machine for diagnosing disorders of the brain and the miniature A.A. gun with all its radar, and now I shall have to return you to the studio.

Good night. B. A. YOUNG





Medical Authority

Dr. Noah Protorius—CARY GRANT; Annabel Higgins—JEANNE CRAIN

(People Will Talk)

## AT THE PICTURES

People Will Talk—Valentino

**T**HE division of critical opinion about *People Will Talk* (Director: JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ) surprises me. I enjoyed it; I don't say it is important or that it carries a significant Message, and I admit its implied sentimentality, the craftiness of its solicitude for its Nice People, its careful contrivance that they shall come out of everything all right while the less pleasant people are discomfited, but I do say it's enjoyable. As with *No Highway*, while recognizing its calculated aim at the springs of simple pleasure I insist that it deserves good marks for skill and intelligence. The film has been criticized for "verbosity." I don't agree; to be sure there is plenty of dialogue (try to see a daytime performance, when you will be less surrounded by featherheads who think they can safely cough and fidget while somebody on the screen is merely *saying* something), but most of it is well worth listening to and often funny, and at every moment there is *also* something to tickle the eye. This may not be rubbed in, it may be something quite insignificant and even meaningless and apparently unintentional (that puff of pipe-smoke over the shoulder as a man turns on his heel), but it is there, it catches the eye and—perhaps inexplicably—stimulates the interest, which is already held in another way by the feeling of the scene and what is

being said in it. That's film-making, and that's what will attract me to see *People Will Talk* again when I can. CARY GRANT appears (again) as a doctor, the kind of doctor harassed patients wish for, who takes their side against the nurses in his luxurious clinic (he won't have them wakened early from health-giving sleep merely for economic convenience: "bad therapy is never good economy"); JEANNE CRAIN as an unmarried mother-to-be whose peace of mind he goes to unprofessional lengths to preserve; HUME CRONYN as a jealous colleague laboriously excavating his past for something discreditable. FINLAY CURRIE as his mysterious friend and factotum has a wonderful scene to himself at the climax. Music (the doctor conducts the students' orchestra of his university in Brahms' Academic Festival Overture) is used brilliantly to work up the climactic mood. Yes, I think it's a good film.

What kind of audience did they expect to please with *Valentino* (Director: LEWIS ALLEN)? From that point of view this is a completely baffling work. It reminds me of nothing so much as the semi-serious "story" or "framework" episodes of some very early Marx Brothers picture—possibly because those are the *only* twenty-year-old sound films still (because constantly revived) fresh in the mind. Under the stern eye of the legal department

they have taken a character named Rudolph Valentino and given him an "entirely imaginary" life-story involving other personages who are "purely fictitious," choosing an actor who looks like the real Valentino if photographed from the correct angle (you can see how he has been told to hold his head) and arranging the imaginary story to coincide, as necessary, with those dates and occasions that older moviegoers will recall. The dialogue is unbelievably ham, the story commonplace; the players deserve sympathy. People will go from simple curiosity, some wondering what it *was* about Valentino, others whether this new man is really like him. Only the second group will find an answer.

**Survey**  
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Not for some weeks have I mentioned *La Ronde* (16/5/51); don't forget it. Nothing else very special in London, but *An American in Paris* (29/8/51) is an enjoyable musical of unusual imagination.

There is one very bright new release: the Ealing comedy *The Lavender Hill Mob* (11/7/51).

RICHARD MALLETT



[Valentino]

Vale, Valentino

Rudolph Valentino—ANTHONY DEXTER

## HARVEST HOME

I WAS to sow a plat of ground; that is to say, I was to make grass grow upon it. Grass is a kind of green thingummybob that grows riotously in every place except where you want it to be. Other scientists describe it as making up the second great division of monocotyledons, but I have no time to enter into the old dispute.

The plat of ground on which I proposed to operate consisted in equal parts of plantains, moss and mud. Naturally I took advice before going to work. I spoke to one or two prominent grass-mongers. "You want to take off the whole top," said one, "and throw it away. Then put down some new turf. Cumberland is the best."

"You want to take off the whole top," said another, "and put down loam mixed with seed."

They seemed to think my ground had a lid. Maybe it had, but I felt no desire to undo it. When you put a fork into my plat you find the underneath part of it is made of stones mixed with roots and pieces of pottery and tin. It was horrible to think of exposing this to the eye of day.

"If you don't take the top off," they said, "sow the whole thing with seed, and keep on sowing."

I went out to sow. I sowed hard and thick. As I sowed I sang—

"Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,

Are you awake in the dark?"

It comes out of "The Baby Seed Song." But there must have been some mistake. Probably the seeds were not listening. But others were. The lawn immediately became filled with a chorus of satisfied users. These consisted of birds.

I was not in any way daunted. I guessed I could sow faster than these birds could eat. But I reckoned without the dawn. When I got up in the morning the plat of ground seemed to be sown with birds.

My next idea was to sit up all night on the plat and obtain a victory when the sun arose. But I sank to sleep just before five a.m., and when I awoke the seed was gone.

"You should have covered the ground with black cotton tied to sticks," they said.

"I am in agriculture, not textiles," I replied. Then they told me to buy a cat, and I did. But it broke down after a fortnight through continued nerve-strain.

Then I saw a thing in the papers. They advised me to send for a kind of seed that birds would not eat. One had to fill in a postal order for it. After about a month I remembered to buy the postal order. After another month I remembered to send it, and the seed came.

It was bright pink. I began to sow once more.

"What on earth have you done to your hands?" they asked me. "They are all covered with blood!"

I explained that I was sowing grass.

"How dreadful, it will come up all red."

"It doesn't say so on the packet. anyhow, I don't care. I like cheerful colours."

"Who ever heard of red grass!"

"They have it blue in Kentucky, and they have it yellow here."

"I said red."

"They have it red in Mars. I know because of a book by Edgar Rice Burroughs. 'The Hekkadors galloped over the scarlet meadows riding on Thoats.'"

"We don't know any Hekkadors."

"Never mind. The real point is, will the birds eat it?"

I watched carefully. A hen blackbird came down and dug for worms. It must have eaten a seed by mistake. It gave me the most murderous glance I have ever seen on a hen blackbird's face, and flew away. But I was not satisfied. Very likely the starlings or sparrows would have better digestions.

Then somebody came to tea and said "What we do is put blotting paper down over the patch until the seeds begin to come up. By the time the blotting paper has rotted away the seeds are saved."

I went out to buy blotting paper. I gave very large orders. Apparently the people were surprised by the quantity required. One stationer told me that he had never seen so little sales-resistance to blotting paper in all the years he had been in the trade. To make assurance doubly sure, I laid it double. Visitors admired the effect. It looked like a sudden storm of winter snow.

"Come in a few days' time, and it will be crimson," I said. For by this time I was enchanted with the idea of having the only house in England with a red grass lawn.

Then it rained for five days and five nights almost without stopping. When the mess was cleared away the grass had really begun. But it was plain green grass after all. I was rather annoyed by this. Next time I shall use pink blotting paper. EVOE

## GUINEAS

GUINEAS are gracious gold presented with a bow,

Remote from common dross;

Implying dignity in gain or loss,

Sketching a slight suggestion of the buccaneer somehow,

Linked-up with low companions and a high white brow.

Outgoing Guineas hallmark Non-Utility.

Pictures, old furniture, mink coats and Mings,

Paris hats, tiaras, pearls, the Sport of Kings,

Pedigree pets, piano lessons and Gentility.

Incoming Guineas gild Concertos rendered,

Plans, Briefs, Expert Advice and Rights surrendered;

Hot up the bid for things no gentleman would sell at all

But for the urgent need of plumbing at the Hall.

Pounds are Plonked Down as Pay, Guineas Reward as Fees;

Such fine distinctions Poets waive, with ease.

## PRESSURE OF PLAY

THE Pinhorns have been plaguing me to come and stay with them at one of those seaside places in the South of France. They say that I can bring my exercise-book with me and have a room to myself facing the Mediterranean, which you would have thought, after all it has meant to them, they would have been able to spell right in rather more places. They seem to think that there will be nothing to disturb me apart from the gentle nodding of palm-trees and the rhythmic plash of royal-blue waves. They don't of course know how I feel about the dainty velvet bows on their lamp-shades.

Nor do they realize how worried I sometimes am, in my plebeian way, by the shininess of their sheets and by the way they smoke American cigarettes at meals and subject them to a lingering premature death in things like horseradish sauce. Just the same, I would go like a shot were it not for one or two domestic ties of a kind which the Pinhorns could not possibly be expected to understand.

To start with, there are the things which I must be able to listen to in claustral silence on the wireless, if necessary having dinner served on my knees and edging out of invitations from ambassadors in order to do so. This would be unthinkable in the presence of the Pinhorns. For the Pinhorns the wireless is just the knob that you twiddle after the starter when you drive the two hundred yards between the television in your over-lavishly appointed villa and the radiogram on your unnecessarily elongated motor-yacht. The sound that they confidently expect to result—and which, by some trick of tuning, they invariably seem to get—is the electric guitar. One would never dare to confess to the Pinhorns that one had listened of one's own free will to an instalment of *Barchester Towers* or that one was able to distinguish without straining between *Tristan and Isolde* and "Riders of the Range." It would be like admitting that one was a Socialist or a two-headed woman.

Then there are my ties with the

living theatre and, in particular, with *Ladies in Retirement* at the Victory Hall on Saturday next. There may be superior and more elaborately mounted attractions in the South of France. Tino Rossi, Jean-Louis Barrault, Maurice Chevalier and Toscanini may, for all I know, be billed together in the same programme, but I have not been looking forward to them since last October, I have not watched them grow step by step from what was hardly more than a casual gibe at the Old Folks' Tea, I am not bound to them by links of loyalty, affection and mutual dread and I have not promised to lend them my pouffe for their last act.

The Pinhorns could hardly be expected to appreciate this viewpoint; and still less, I'm afraid, could they be expected to warm to Celestine and Wilberforce, who are my strongest tie of all. Celestine is, of course, the dear little girl on the last page of the *Daily*—who has been kidnapped by thugs and cast into a disused lighthouse. Though bound and gagged she is not completely cut off from readers, because her thoughts come out of the top of her head in block letters surrounded by clouds of ectoplasm. Luckily for her, though, she has lurched against some switches which have caused the lighthouse beam to come on and accidentally flicker out the letters W-I-L in Morse.

Wilberforce, her little friend and playmate, has seen the flashes. A keen Boy Scout, he presumes them to be addressed to him personally and hastens towards the place where they came from in his home-made helicopter. On the way, in spite of its being definitely stated in January and confirmed in March that the engine is operated by clockwork, he runs out of gasoline and is forced to alight at a filling station kept by a man called Metalfeet Moody, who, as readers but not Wilberforce are aware, is the most unsavoury of all the thugs concerned in the kidnapping of poor Celestine.

During a sequence which, for over a week, must have made breakfast quite unpalatable in hundreds

of thousands of homes, the overwrought Wilberforce takes Mr. Moody into his confidence with the sad result that when the re-fuelled helicopter again takes the air it is with several important components partly sawn through. It is, perhaps, hardly an overstatement to say that little short of a miracle can now save Wilberforce from some kind of accident.

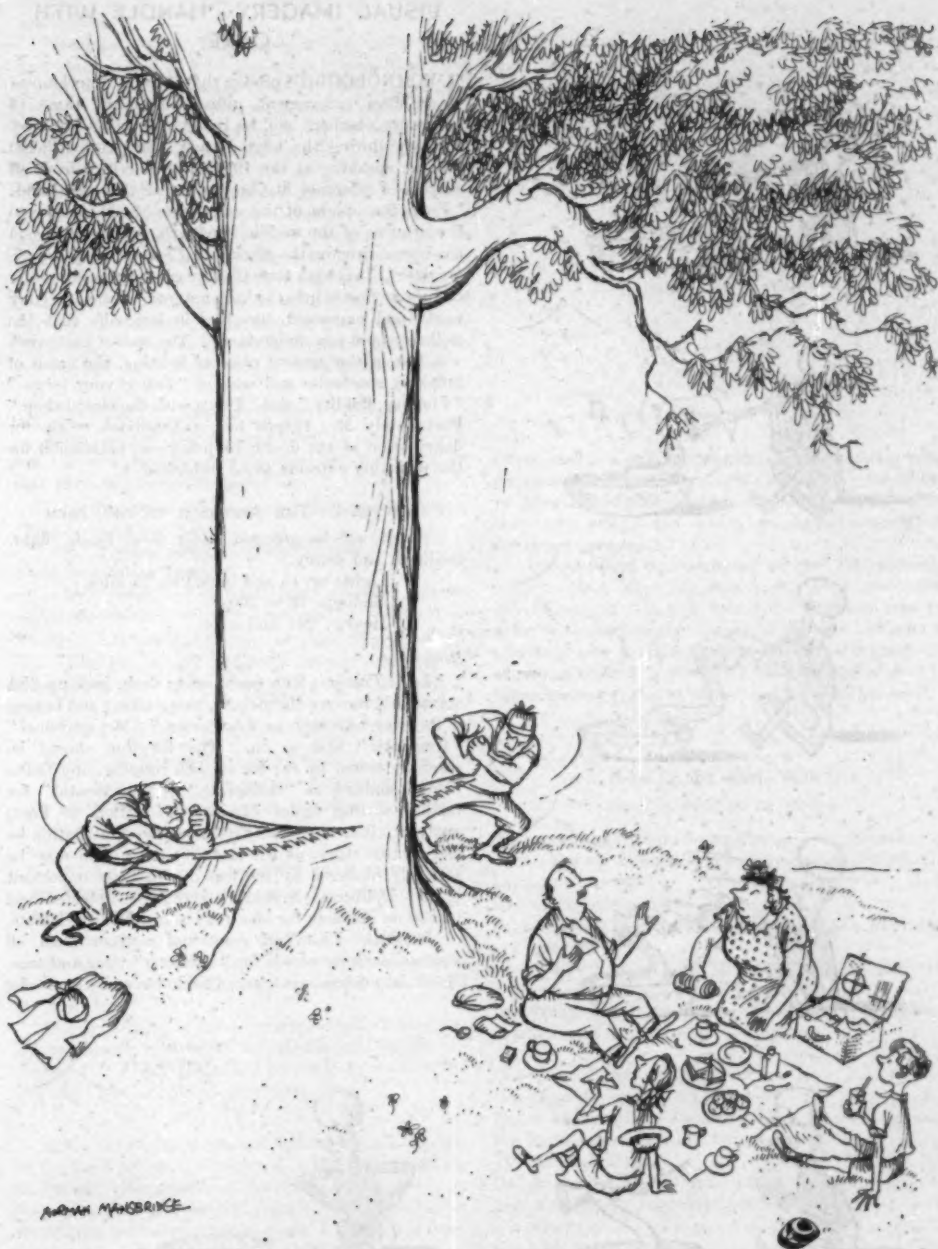
This is the appalling state of affairs existing at the moment. English papers do, of course, find their way on to the Continent, but seldom in the right quantities to go round all the visitors all the time—and there is also the danger that whole days, and the papers belonging to those days, may get lost en route. Although at times the strange story of Celestine and Wilberforce unfolds itself rather slowly, as on the occasion when Celestine, having wrested herself from the grasp of a golden eagle, remained for seven days in the same piece of mid-air, at other times the pace is so hot that the loss of a single instalment can make gibberish of all that follows.

To add to these risks there is the further snag that in many places abroad the papers do not appear until the day after—sometimes not until the evening of the day after—they ought. Imagine trying to contain oneself till then knowing for how long fans at home had been in full possession of the latest developments. And when at last the papers had come, what sort of a dash, I wonder, would simple, homely characters like Celestine and Wilberforce manage to cut against that aura of pink gin and supertax that pervades the Villa Pinhorn and seems to thicken as torrid eventide advances? They might stand more chance, perhaps, if Wilberforce wasn't a walrus, or if, being a walrus, he didn't continually wear a school cap.

If, by the way, I have not mentioned these facts earlier, it is simply because, for the strip addict in his natural setting, such details are of very little consequence.

DANIEL PETTIWARD





*"Just ignore them. We've as much right to be here as they have."*

## VISUAL IMAGERY - HANDLE WITH CARE

TECHNOLOGISTS predict that the new "mechanical criticism" movement, influenced by the Dome of Discovery planners, will be the driving belt of literary criticism during the next decade. Mr. Tom (Cliché) Phipps, speaking at the 1951 rally of critics from all sources of reference at Clacton earlier this year, said: "From the opium of the middle nineteenth century to the nicotine of the middle twentieth, literary criticism has been a drug on the market. (*Cheers, counter-cheers, laughter.*) It is high time that we critics stepped boldly out of our closets into the buzz and roar of the everyday world and expressed ourselves in language that the ordinary man can understand." The rest of his speech was lost in the general noise of fighting, the crash of breaking spectacles and cries of "Define your terms," "Fluidity, fluidity," and "Down with the closed shop." Fortunately Mr. Phipps had a handbook ready for distribution at the doors; he has given permission for the following extracts to be published.

### CHAPTER I. THE APPROACH TO THE POEM

Poems will be grouped under three heads: light, medium, and heavy.

Light: up to and including 75 lines.

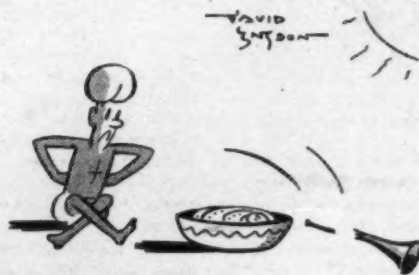
Medium: 76 to 200.

Heavy: 201 and over.

#### Procedure

*Light Poetry.* Run poem on to desk, jack up first stanza and remove all imagery, categorizing and boxing it for easy reference as "Augustan," "Metaphysical," "Romantic" and so on. The Rhythm should be carefully tested by ear for smooth running, any faults being classified as "deliberate" or "accidental" for further sorting under Chapter III (Mind of Poet) analysis. It is important that no loose punctuation be lost at this stage, as the later reconstruction may be seriously hindered by the loss of small yet important parts. Deliberate Archaisms should be detected and placed on one side for obscurity and atmosphere tests.

General. Drain off emotional content from all stanzas, examine words for "overtone" wear and tear. Refill in modern context. Check rhyme scheme for



changes in pronunciation pressure and resultant unevenness.

**Medium Poetry.** Extend preliminary inspection of first stanza, as above, to the entire frame, examining joints for loose fittings and noting overall cleanness of design. In washing down, all points of interest must be removed and annotated *before* any affection can be lavished on them, so that the dullness of impartiality is preserved.

**Heavy Poetry.** Structurally as above; but new factor arises in overall check—whether power output matches chassis size. Underpowered heavies should be stripped to essentials and systematically anthologized; an evenly- or over-powered heavy should not be examined in detail unless its author is due for his hundred-, two hundred and fifty- or five hundred-year inspection. Treatment recommended: spray with generalizations, check for loss of validity, and store.

## CHAPTER II. THE APPROACH TO THE POET

(This chapter does not lend itself to condensation, but I have extracted three cardinal principles, hoping that they will be easily grasped.)

(a) Big Boys (Shakespeare, Milton)—On knees, cap in hand (see Note).

(b) Average Boys (Dryden, Arnold)—Dignified, cap straight on head.

(c) Smaller, or Quaint Boys (Skelton, Lewis Carroll)—Smiling slightly, cap pushed to rear.

**NOTE.**—When setting out to meet Big Boys the cap *must* be carried. Sudden critical changes in atmosphere may, after all, require that it be worn.

## CHAPTER III. THE MIND OF THE POET

It must be remembered that either

(a) No one can write really good poetry *unless* he has himself experienced the emotion he is trying to communicate;

OR

(b) No one can write really good poetry *if* he has himself experienced the emotion he is trying to communicate.

One of these principles must be wholeheartedly accepted. The deciding factor between them will be the type of unsuccessful poetry that the critic himself has written.

The application of either principle requires long and joyous research into letters, biographies and diaries, the narration of which can easily be made to obscure the necessity for a critical judgment.

\* \* \* \* \*

Space is running short, and I have not yet touched on the fascinations of Chapter 6, "The Dismembering of Prose," Chapter 9, "The Simile—Stripped" or Chapter 11, "Tools for the Critic's Workshop." But one further quotation must be made, I think; it is from Chapter 12, "The Approach to Criticism":

"The critical essay can immediately be split into its two parts—facts and padding. The facts should



be retained in a small, convenient tin, the padding being discarded as waste. (Note.—Waste padding should not be allowed to accumulate in the works. Waste from only two essays can prove an embarrassment on restricted premises.)"

I have heard one comment on the "Mechanical" system which may, at first sight, seem just—that Mr. Phipps, in trying to reach the common man by using the colloquial expressions of the age, has gone so far that only a skilled garage hand could grasp his argument. But I do not think that this point need be taken seriously; it was made by a professional critic.

## BACK ROOM JOYS

Remembering to be Polite

IT's pleasant indeed, remembering to be polite—  
Raising our hat in the lift when we needn't quite;  
Giving up our seat  
And excusing our feet;  
In a smoking compartment, asking "D'you mind my smoking?"  
(She's bound to say "No" but that mustn't appear in our tone);  
Or offering a stranger whose lighter is being provoking  
A light—and it worked!—from our own.

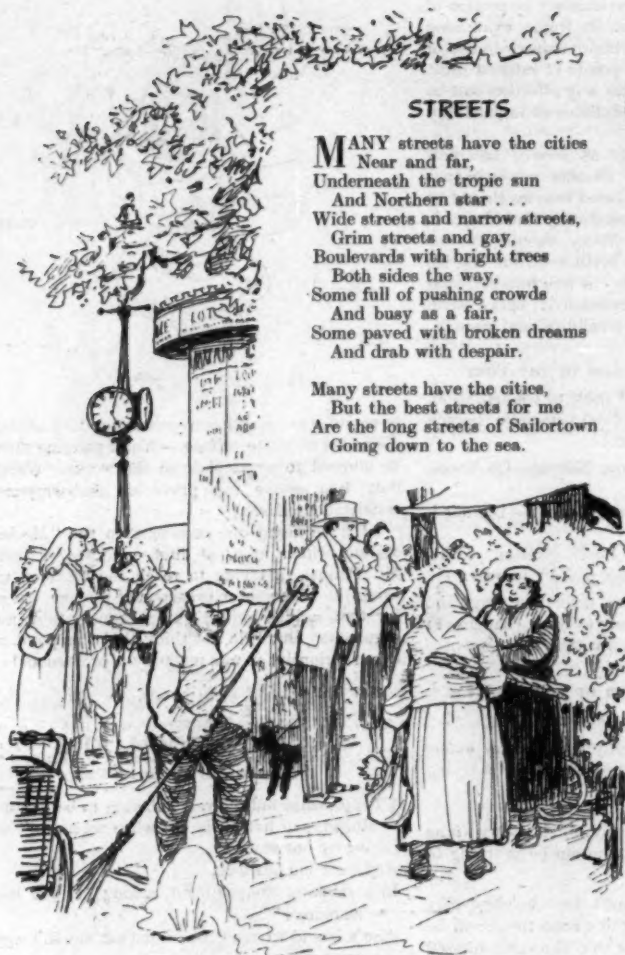
Our reward is our own punctilio,  
Our properly-brought-up attitude;  
But if we, as well, arouse gratitude  
We find that we do it like billy-o,  
Till we either forget  
Or become the politest thing yet—  
And the moment we realise *that*  
We reform,  
Get back to our norm. . . .  
I said it was fun to *remember* to raise our hat.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

## STREETS

MANY streets have the cities  
Near and far,  
Underneath the tropic sun  
And Northern star . . .  
Wide streets and narrow streets,  
Grim streets and gay,  
Boulevards with bright trees  
Both sides the way,  
Some full of pushing crowds  
And busy as a fair,  
Some paved with broken dreams  
And drab with despair.

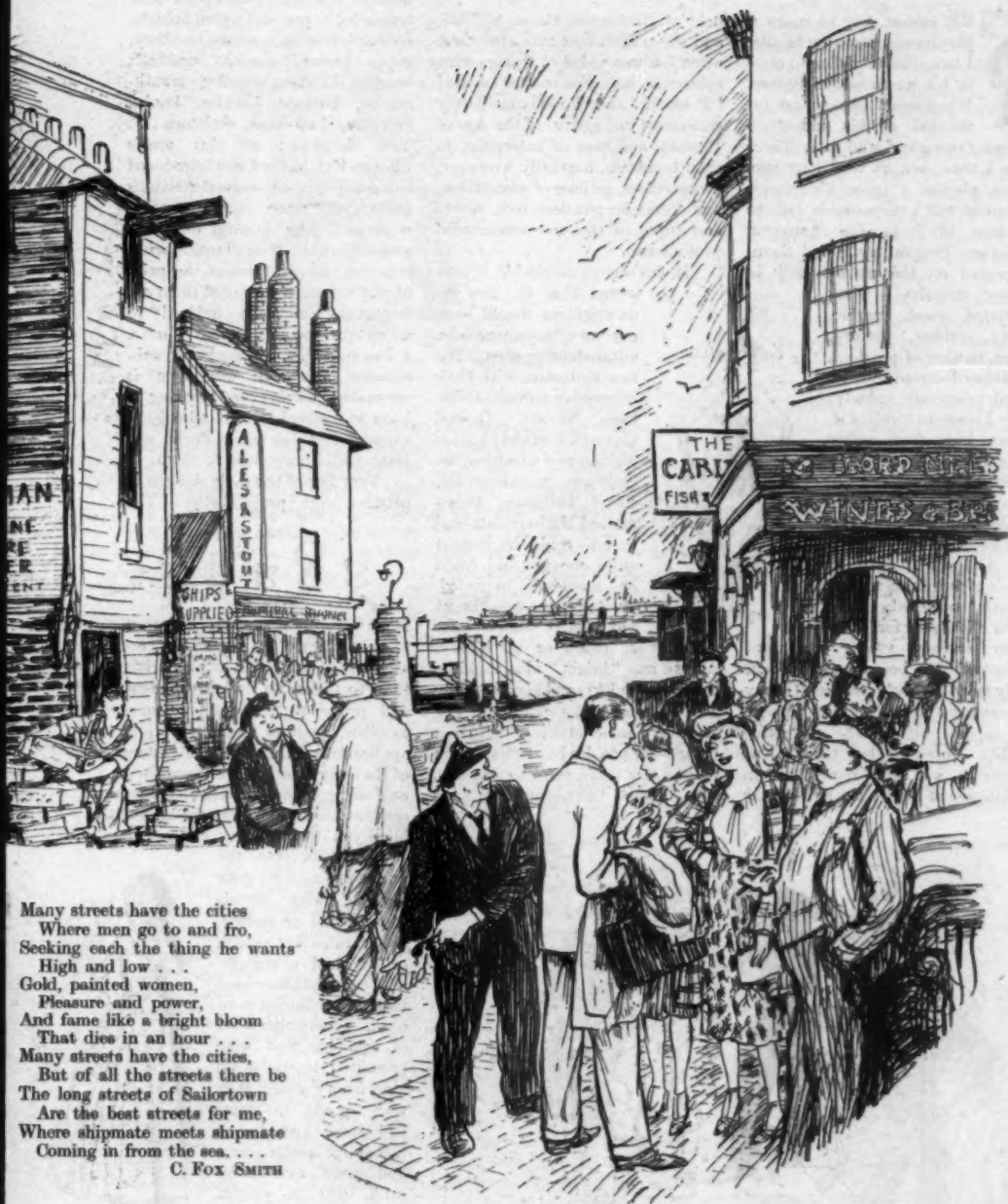
Many streets have the cities,  
But the best streets for me  
Are the long streets of Sailortown  
Going down to the sea.



There are the cheap dives  
Full of flyblown grub,  
And the slop shops and the pop shops  
And the corner pub.  
The cliff-sided warehouses  
And the high dock walls,  
And the mean secret alleys  
Where no sun falls,  
The stale smells of harbour mud,  
And bilge and beer,  
And the shops with their foreign  
names  
Exotic and queer,  
The wailing of the sirens,  
The tide lapping the hulls,  
The grinding of the derricks,  
And the mewing of the gulls,  
The wide sky and the free wind,  
And the masts and flags of ships,  
And the old spell of the waterside  
And the salt on the lips . . .







Many streets have the cities  
 Where men go to and fro,  
 Seeking each the thing he wants  
 High and low . . .  
 Gold, painted women,  
 Pleasure and power,  
 And fame like a bright bloom  
 That dies in an hour . . .  
 Many streets have the cities,  
 But of all the streets there be  
 The long streets of Sailortown  
 Are the best streets for me,  
 Where shipmate meets shipmate  
 Coming in from the sea. . .  
 C. FOX SMITH

## DR. JEKYLL AND FORMALDEHYDE



THE easiest way to make a plastics manufacturer bristle, I have discovered, is to refer to his wares as substitutes. He doesn't like to be reminded of his industry's growing pains and wild oats. There was a time, not so very long ago, when plastics ("those ubiquitous, versatile and indispensable aids to modern life" as the American designer, Teague, has called them) appeared on the market only in heavy disguise. They imitated wood, marble, ivory, rubber, pottery, glass, mother-of-pearl... and they deceived nobody. Well, practically nobody: now I come to think of it, there *was* that rather handsomely grained walnut-type coffee mill made of Urea-formaldehyde that I bought just before the war.

Although articles made of certain accredited plastic materials have been marketed for more than seventy years, the word "plastics" has been bandied about only since the early 'thirties. (In my dictionaries, published since the war, it appears among the addenda.) Public interest in these new materials was first roused by an exhibition of British Art in Industry

held at Burlington House in 1935, and the exhibit that attracted most attention was a slab of transparent, colourless, lustreless matter labelled "Resin M." The Press immediately announced the arrival of the Age of Plastics, and men of enterprise, in their hundreds, hurriedly wrote out prospectuses, articles of association, and orders for powders, rods, sheets and tubes of the new commercial protoplasm.

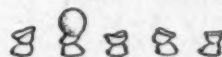
*Ethyl Cellulose*



It was almost inevitable, it now seems, that the new industrial era should have got away to an untidy, unsatisfactory start. The new materials, with their impressive names—Cellulose Nitrate, Casein, Urea-formaldehyde, Melamine-formaldehyde, Cellulose Acetobutyrate, Ethyl Cellulose, Polymethyl Methacrylate and so on—could be bought quite cheaply and could be moulded, extruded, blown or cast into almost any shape without the aid of vast plant or machinery. Almost any "bright" idea could be translated quickly and inexpensively into plastics—and usually was. The flow of plastic articles became a deluge—of powder bowls, bathroom fittings, ash-trays, combs, compacts, toys, braces, belts, handbags (Are

you still with me?), raincoats, brushes, beading, clothes pegs, table tennis balls, pen and pencil holders, spectacle frames, costume jewellery, cups, plates, spoons, umbrella handles, knitting needles, mouth-organs, buttons, buckles, knobs, switches, clock-cases, skeletons... Yes, skeletons: at this year's Plastics Exhibition I was introduced to a group of neatly-turned skeletons made of some thermo-setting material. The demand for these gruesome contraptions is quite brisk, it seems, chiefly because the price of real skeletons—most of them are imported—has been inflated to thirty-nine pounds apiece (f.o.b.). I was told that the synthetic substitutes (this time the term *is* excusable, surely) are proving a boon to medical and art schools. I shudder to think what Burke and Hare would have done to them.

Very few of the early designs in plastics were praiseworthy. The



manufacturers seemed more anxious to demonstrate the material's versatility and their skill as plagiarists than to tackle its design problems and prove that it had its own excellent qualities and worth-while applications. Like the iron-casters of the early nineteenth century they confused good design with elaborate ornament and fancy dress deception. Mind you, there *were* exceptions.

For a few years the public put up with poor plastics, with vessels that warped or melted, with fabrics that shrank or perished overnight, with cups that flavoured their contents with camphor. I remember a set of egg-cups that were presented to us by an aunt from Peebles: they were made in some yellowish substance rather like candle-grease and were extraordinarily light in weight. The first time we used them



*Poly-methyl Methacrylate*





they behaved splendidly, but when we washed them their bowls warped out of shape and their mouths became so narrowly elliptical that we had to force eggs into them. After a second washing they shrank so much that we could use them only with bantams' eggs.

The thermo-plastic group of materials provided a lot of fun for the young. Gramophone records, for example. We used to soften them in the oven and then mould them into vases, helmets and book-ends. One of my most painful memories is directly connected with an album of Gilbert and Sullivan records which I had converted into an amorphous mass of evil-smelling black shellac. My father was very fond of Gilbert and Sullivan, particularly Gilbert.

There was also a cruel set, I remember—a rather slick "streamlined" piece of work in vermilion. Unfortunately, the material from which it was made had a marked affinity for water and was always so damp that the salt was never dry enough to pour, while the lid of the pepper-pot was always caked with brownish mud.

But the manufacturers were great triers. Just after the war a Czech invited me to inspect a new plastic fabric that he had invented and for which patents were pending. It was going to revolutionize the textiles trade, he told me: it was cheap, moth-proof, ladder-proof and it would wash; it was as strong as

sheet metal. To demonstrate the truth of these claims he held the material aloft and made as if to tear it. There was a frightful rending sound and the stuff split from top to bottom. Then there was an awkward silence until the manufacturer shrugged his shoulders and announced: "It is a slight failure; in a few days I make it good. Cheerio."

The public's credulous acceptance of early plastics can be explained, I think, as another awe-inspiring triumph for Science. People were blinded by the new industrial nomenclature and by the startling news that buttons and umbrella handles were being made from milk, soya beans and coffee berries. The issue of *The Listener* for January 9, 1935, reported two sharply contrasting views on the merits of "plastic moulding and synthetic resins." One writer voted them "examples of (Britain's) leadership in design" while another (Herbert Read) declared "I do not think these materials, which have great possibilities, have yet found any appropriate forms, and the colours are terribly crude."

Since the war plastics have been one of the very few materials not in short supply and the industry has been able to make rapid technical progress. Progress in design has

been uneven: it is now possible to buy a wide range of good-looking and efficient plastic products—radio and television cabinets, toys, kitchen equipment... even skeletons, but it is also possible to buy a lot of trash.



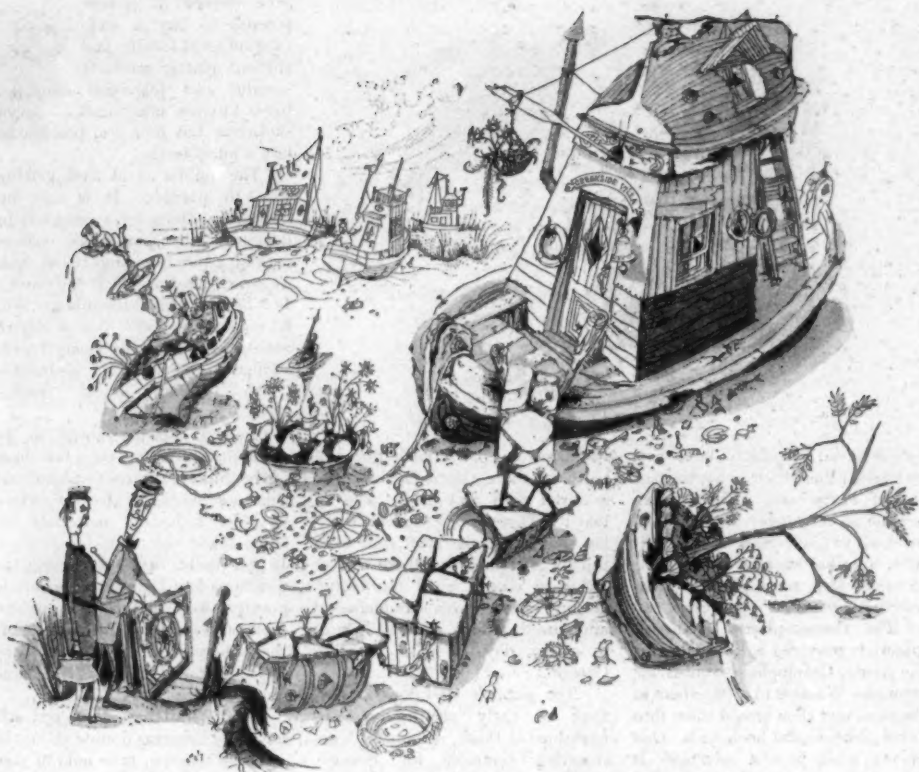
The public is at last getting wise to plastics. It is now no uncommon thing for a customer to demand full guarantees before making a purchase, and to ask such awkward questions as: Will it crack? Is it brittle? Will it resist heat? Will its colour come off? Will it absorb moisture? Can it be cleaned with ordinary household cleaners—"Gab," "Skum," "Wop," "Sink," "Fos," and the rest?

Indeed, plastics seem to be attracting more than their fair share of the public's critical faculties, and there is some danger that the virtues of older industrial materials are being taken too much for granted. If you doubt this, try putting the questions listed above to dealers in pottery, wooden furniture, paints, cottons, glass and aluminium. Ask the salesman in the china shop "Will it crack? Is it brittle?" and study his reactions.

And if, after all this, you still have any lingering doubts about the value of plastics, take hold of your telephone and try to imagine how it would feel and look and what it would cost made in any other material. But don't forget to replace the receiver.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





"Garden's a bit of a mess now, but you ought to see it at high water."

### THE OLD BRIGADE

**O**LD-FASHIONED, that's what we are. Not arrogantly, not even on purpose; but simply because we have been forced into it by circumstances, these circumstances including the younger generation—a precocious and overpaid lot whom I shall return to later in this article—and the wireless, which, when it is not inciting teen-agers to beat us up, is playing "Please" as a fragrant memory. I said we weren't arrogant, but only to make us appear less so. Look, for example, at how we go on calling it wireless. Wireless it was in our time, when we had to go out to tea to hear it, and wireless it stays, except perhaps when we're referring to the noise next door, when we find the more mechanized "radio" more appropriate.

I suppose we're silly not to like hearing the Eroica at full blast in the morning. Sometimes we tell ourselves that to some people good music, very loud indeed, is like what *King Lear*, also very loud indeed,

might be to us at that time of day. It doesn't help much. Of course we've got rather a thing about noise in general, dating back as we do to before most of it began, and we have developed the technique of protest to a high degree. One day we may be sitting in a cinema smiling sarcastically at the cinema organ, the next we shall be standing behind our net curtains glowering at a car somebody left running; or even, with a quiet menace, on our doorstep watching a nearby party breaking up in a riot. But our best line is windows; opening them at midnight, waiting for ten seconds and then fairly whanging them shut. That'll teach people to play the gramophone! It's a wonderfully angry gesture, every bit as good as when we used to hear it all round us in the old "Please" days.

Well, we were young ourselves once. What I'm leading up to is our childhood photographs, and very well worth leading up to they are. To begin with



they're sepia; latish sepia, I imagine, but that doesn't make them any less brown, with fawn patches. And then we look so splendidly old-world, all starched and standing on a garden seat woven from gnarled trellis-work—no sliced-up battleships for us—and smiling because we were told to, at least that's how we think we got that extraordinary expression, as of suspicion doing its best to let up, that characterizes the child camera-subject of our day. Not that we were subjects then, we were just being photographed. People didn't hang about us until we'd got stuck into a bit of construction work and then sneak up like a bird-watcher. But then we didn't wear dungarees. On the other hand the sun shone all summer, as you can prove from the photographs, and we played diaboló, which is what they sometimes write to *The Times* about. Lest the younger generation should take this to be a tough card game I must explain that it's only a sort of rubber hour-glass you balanced on string, we have no idea how.

In our day a school was a school, and the nearest we got to free activity was being told to draw Moses and the Red Sea in crayons, which explains why when we first happened to mention to our children that twice one is two twice two is four we did it with some sense of guilt, almost as if we had bought them a horn-book or talked of *The Globes*. You needn't think we know anything about these globes, terrestrial and celestial or whatever they were. One day we're going to look up exactly what a celestial globe is and whether the stars are stuck on the outside or inside. I put this in to show that in some mild respects we're quite new-fashioned. And another thing we might look up is how other people pronounce "privacy" and all the other words that, for all we know, date us. We were there, you see, before the English language got tangled up in the American and the B.B.C. ironed it out.

I was going to say something harsh about the younger generation. Actually it's not harsh at all, it's merely the interesting fact that they make us feel old either by looking so young or, more subtly, by looking so grown-up. I should like on behalf of the women among us to say that in our day we didn't wear lipstick at seventeen. It hadn't been invented, not in any quantity, and when at last it reached us we put it on tentatively, with blurred edges, to denote an element of doubt about the whole thing. I should like to say too that we're over this by now; in fact some of our most embarrassing moments are when we get home, after a bout of gracious shopping, to find that we went out without our mouths.

Going back to the question of overpaying, of the amazing wages handed out nowadays to the young—many of whom, we understand from reading our papers, don't spell any better than the people who couldn't spell when we were young—this is where we come down firmly as codgers. Cost of living or no cost of living, when we think of how we slaved away from something like nine-thirty till five-thirty and never had more than every other Saturday off unless we asked for it, and

when we think what we got for all this—I mean, you can understand how when we get together and start talking proudly about our early pay-packets we sound like those auctions that go backwards.

I haven't much room to tell you about our cooking—how some of us had just about reached parsley sauce, using a saucepan that got hot all up the handle, when the exciting things we hadn't been cooking with disappeared from the shops, so that to-day when we see the younger generation messing happily about with its pimentos we mutter something about all very well but we began at the beginning. Or about our Irving complex. We didn't actually see Irving but we are doing very nicely with the old Old Vic.

ANDE

## THE IMMORTALS

HOW brief a span the roses have, I sometimes sadly think,

How soon impatient Nature sounds the knell  
Of dahlia and azalea, of primula and pink  
And Canterbury bell.

The hardy hedgerow blossoms, too: their beauty cannot stretch

Their lives beyond their short allotted hour—  
The hawkbit and the hellebore, the violet and the vetch,  
The white wind-flower.

Yet deep within the dim-lit woods, all England over,  
Immortals lie undying by the path—

The kettle and the cocoa-tin, the treadless outer cover,  
The large zinc bath. B. A. YOUNG



"And I say yours is back to front."



[The Comedy of Errors]

**Fallen Father**

Antipholus of Syracuse—MR. ANGUS MACKAY  
 Aegeon—MR. DAVID KING  
 Antipholus of Ephesus—MR. JOHN MACGREGOR

**AT THE PLAY***Right Side Up* (ARTS)*The Comedy of Errors* (WATERGATE)

SPENT much of the first and second acts of *Right Side Up*, wondering what the fish in the stage aquarium—they looked like intelligent fish—could have made of it all. They were nicely placed in a corner of the Soho flat; for two acts they must have speculated on the ways of the queerer fish that were darting about them. At the end, dazed no doubt by the cracking of revolver-shots, they would have sunk to the bottom—only to go through the same business again on the following night. Poor fish, indeed; but no poorer than the strange exhibits the dramatist, Mr. C. E. WEBBER, presented to us.

The flat with the aquarium is owned by someone called *Di*, in business as a gangster's moll. A whimsical creature called *Boy*, in the room at curtain-rise, thinks *Di* is sheltering him from the rain. Next morning he is still there, pumping bullets from behind an armchair at a gangster called *Sherman*, who is firing back from behind another armchair. We

know, of course, that here is the normal way of life in a Soho flat; but it surprises *Boy*, who, until then—he is nineteen—has passed most of his time either living in a tree or standing on his head. He explains carefully: "It's impossible to see what things are really like until you look at them upside-down." Intermittently during the play he stands on his head, and just before the last curtain he persuades another gangster — *Knobby*, who is astrologically-minded—to try the posture as well. It is a relief when the play ends, with three gangsters bound for the

police-station, *Di* and *Boy* alone in a flat pocked with bullet-marks, and the fish peering anxiously from behind a stone. If things had gone on for another ten minutes we should all have been on our heads; it might be a good plan for the author to try the pose himself one night, at the back of the stalls.

This collectors' prize, second of three pieces short-listed in the Arts Theatre's play competition, has the benefit of some loyal acting. Spectators may be fish-out-of-water, but the cast fins bravely to the end. Mr. GEOFFREY HIBBERT and Miss MYRTLE REED, as *Boy* and *Girl*, seem to understand their parts; and the three assorted gangsters—Mr. HAROLD LANG (hulking), Mr. DONALD PLEASANCE (sour), and Mr. GERALD HARPER (eccentric)—are, presumably, plausible men-about-Soho.

Members of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club have stood on their heads in staging the mixed-twin revel of *The Comedy of Errors*. Graver Shakespearians may lament the re-handling of this epistle from the Ephesians. I hardly think anybody at the Watergate will mind for a minute. A conventional production can be tiring. Here we have

no reason to tire while *Aegeon* addresses us in a Lancashire accent, *Pinch* in American, and the *Abbess* in Irish; and while everyone—except a stray Beefeater—is in Victorian costume and ready, at any moment, to sing. Thus *Aegeon* has an impassioned rendering of "Poor Soul" (Sonnet CXLVI), the *Dromios* tell us that their name is "Dromio-mio," and we end at "Honour, riches, marriage-blessing." With these airs, the Victorian graces, and acting of relish by all concerned—especially the Rochdale-type *Aegeon* of Mr. DAVID KING—the affair is a not-too-protracted joke for which the producer, Mr. JOHN BARTON, must take a bow hand-in-hand with SHAKESPEARE.

**Recommended**

*The Lyric Revue* (Lyric, Hammer-smith) for pace and witty invention; *To Dorothy A Son* (Garrick) for Miss Yolande Donlan's idea of a Dumb Blonde; and *The Hollow* (Fortune), an Agatha Christie thriller, as a cunning example of the anagram-play. J. C. TREWIN



[Right Side Up]

**Nature Boy***Boy*—MR. GEOFFREY HIBBERT

## THE ECONOMIES OF A DRAUGHTSMAN

"ECONOMY of means" is a stock term of approval for the work of a graphic artist. It implies that he will not "spend" six lines if he can make do with one. He will dole out an indication of light and shade in almost miserly fashion. If he is making, say, a lithograph in colours he will use as few colours as possible. The question is why this frugality is reckoned an asset. Why, for example, does M. Claude Roger-Marx, commenting on the work of Toulouse-Lautrec, consider his paddock and racing scenes "exceptional triumphs," "in view of the economy of means employed."

You may say, perhaps, as far as a print is concerned, that the economy is practical. A poster with few colours costs less to produce than a poster with many. Yet the main point is that the work gains in vigour and effectiveness, and this applies equally to every form of drawing, for reproduction or otherwise.

The draughtsman's aim is two-fold. He has to select something from the confusion of nature—something that has meaning—an essential feature, gesture or characteristic shape in the object represented. Obviously, therefore, he must leave out a great deal that is non-essential. Thus in a few strokes Holbein unerringly fixes all that is individual in the subject of one of his portrait drawings. Lautrec in as few summarizes the movement of a dancer in a Paris cabaret. If they were to elaborate further they would only weaken the force of the statement. But with this decisive statement goes the power of suggestion. If the essential is there the rest follows, even though it is not set down, and part of the pleasure of looking at a drawing comes from imagining what has been omitted. Holbein seems reluctant to add shadows to those firm outlines, yet a touch or two suggests the whole modelling of a face. A perfectly flat expanse of black in a Lautrec poster is so truthful a silhouette that it seems full of interest and incident.

From another point of view the economy of a draughtsman is intended to bring out the best in his medium. A line on its own, doing real work in a drawing, has more individual life than a scrabble of lines. Two or three colours in a lithograph sparkle where sixteen tend merely to look dull. In this respect the exhibition of Toulouse-Lautrec's graphic work at the New Burlington Galleries (from Mr. Ludwig Charell's unique collection) was a delightful object lesson. One could look at it as a highly entertaining commentary on

the gay Paris of the *fin-de-siècle*. Yet its remarkable vividness did not derive from its subjects alone but from its economy of means.

This, incidentally, was the result of patient effort and discipline. The strange light man did not dash off these seemingly effortless works in

fevered moments at the Moulin de la Galette or some other pleasure resort of Montmartre. He would go twenty, fifty times to study precisely the attitudes of May Milton or Cissie Loftus: would work out, with cool science, impromptu effects and daring simplicities, not over the café table but on the lithographic stone. He was not, as some might hastily conclude, trying to make things easy for himself by leaving out a lot. "Leaving out" was a serious problem, as it was for his contemporary Phil May, who often began with a highly finished "study," and from this "extracted," as a separate drawing, the essential minimum.

The art of such draughtsmen is the art of concealing hard work. If it looks easy to do that is one of its merits. Simplicity is not their first step but their final triumph.

WILLIAM GAUNT



Andrew Fiamon



*"I think I'm a failure—I get so depressed and irritable at times."*

### NEW LIGHT ON POLONIUS

WHEN Hamlet says that Polonius is a fishmonger most critics take the remark as a sign either of his madness or of his sense of humour. They miss the mark. Hamlet is presented as a mixture of intelligence and genius, as the kind of man who unravels high-brow detective stories. What is more likely than that his statement is literally true?

Polonius is a leading minister at the Court of Elsinore. He does not seem to be a leading soldier, like Macbeth, or a leading landowner, like Warwick. Political power usually had a solid basis of economic achievement, and it is more than probable that he made his pile in fish. In England fortunes and careers were based on the sheepfold; in Denmark they were no doubt based on the trawler.

It may be objected that Polonius says he is not a fishmonger and surely he ought to know. However, though he denies it aloud he remarks (aside) "Though this be madness, yet there is method in't." Later in the scene (also aside) he says "How pregnant sometimes his replies are!" This suggests that Hamlet is speaking the truth, but that Polonius is trying to brazen it out. If Polonius were a fish tycoon this would be common knowledge.

He could easily reply something like "No longer, sweet Prince" if he had severed his connection with the trade when he went up in the world. The only possible explanation is that he knows and Hamlet knows and he knows that Hamlet knows he is still as involved in the business as ever. He denies it from instinctive snobbery. He is the kind of man who, once he had been sworn of the King's Council, would boast that he did not know how to fillet. Hamlet knows this weakness and plays on it.

Hence Sir Edmund Chambers is right in calling Hamlet's remark "a taunt"; but he is wrong in giving tacit approval to Coleridge's theory that Hamlet is suggesting Polonius has been sent "to fish out his secret." Knowing Lamb, Coleridge was probably broken in to puns and trained not to miss them for fear of offending a hospitable host. Hamlet, however, is a very different type from Elia, a point that must be grasped by any commentator on the play. Hamlet may be dilatory, but he is not gentle and frolicsome. He is often called "the gloomy Dane," and his first appearance in the play shows him being cheered up by his family. The evidence is overwhelmingly against his being a wag. It is a pity that Sir Edmund did not show the

scholarly reserve that he displays in his note on line 195 of the same scene, "There is no reason to find an allusion here to Juvenal, Satire X, 188, as Englished by Sir John Beaumont, or to any book in particular."

We can now solve the problem of what Laertes was doing in Paris. He was studying the French fish trade, probably in Les Halles. On Polonius's death he presumably took over the business, possibly in partnership with Ophelia. This was why the populace shouted for him to be their king on his return. As their new leader he would have been morally bound to reduce the price of fish in return for the compliment they paid him and, in a madly fish-loving people, this would count for more than any aptitude for kingcraft.

One or two minor points remain for discussion. In the second act Polonius says to Claudius that if he is wrong about Hamlet's love for Ophelia being at the root of his madness, "Let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm and carters." A man who has drawn a good living from the sea, he can imagine no greater fall than to be reduced to drawing his livelihood from the land. I am not quite sure why the employment of carters should make his disgrace worse—perhaps because it has a flavour of retail trade and his fishmongering may have always been wholesale.

The business must be a large one to support the dignity and political power implicit in his position at Court. We are given a hint about this. In the first quarto Polonius is called "Corambis." There seems no reason for the change until it is realized that the two names together give in anagram the concealed boast, "I am Poluscino Bros.", obviously a business so large that it need be mentioned only by name.

It may be objected that if Polonius were anxious to dissociate himself from the fish trade he would not reveal his connection with it even in anagram. Freud gives us the answer. It is just those things we want to conceal most that the unconscious makes us indirectly reveal.

R. G. G. PRICE



## WAKES WEEK

THEY are no better—  
Some think them worse—  
than other folk i' t' North:  
each knows the weight of her neighbour's  
purse  
and what the gaffer's worth.

The heather's shawl on the limestone hills  
serves well their subtle eyes—  
they match it, in Satanic mills,  
with dyes from Paradise,  
blending tones in the weave of the cloth  
as the shining shuttle flies:  
if a thread breaks of a million threads  
on the loom-gates of their weaving sheds—  
light, quick as the wing-beat of a moth,  
with generationed skill  
re-tie that thread they will.

Their lives, in the grey, grim, narrow streets  
scarring the hill's green face,  
are woven in patterns as intricate,

as subtle, and as commonplace  
as the cloth they weave. They love and hate  
with a like warmth and lack of grace.

When the Wakes come, to either side  
of the Pennine's backbone-watershed  
they are drawn by the pull of the Blackpool tide  
or shoal to Bridlington instead.

Each knows the weight of her neighbour's purse,  
each man what his mate can addle:  
they are no better—some folk say worse—  
than the others who laugh and booze and curse  
with a rich genial Northern zest  
with their myriad fellows packed and pressed  
where you even queue to paddle.  
But they boast themselves to be the best,  
i' t' North, i' t' town Ah'm thinking,  
for there it comes to pass  
as in no other town, nay, none,  
when t' Wakes come, every other man  
banks, not draws out his brass!

R. C. SCRIVEN



## BOOKING OFFICE

## Bad Poets and Governors' Ladies

**B**AD books about good poets are not uncommon. A good book about a bad poet is something of a curiosity. That, however, is just what Mr. Morehard Bishop has to offer us in the first full-length biography to be written of William Hayley, the Hermit of Felpham. That Hayley was other than a bad poet he does not pretend. By styling him *Blake's Hayley* he admits that he is remembered, if at all, as the man against whom the author of "Jerusalem" directed his rudest epigrams. What he has attempted is to get the man and his story into their due perspective. The result is to Hayley's considerable credit.

It is a story abundant in absurdities. Everything that Hayley did or said was twisted to extravagance or tainted with sentimentality. The death of his son, the charming and promising Tom, is a poignant episode; but how can one take very seriously the matrimonial troubles of a man who could address his wife as "My grievously irritable Eliza"? Hayley was sensibility incarnate, the Man of Feeling in *excelsis*. But the feeling was genuine, and often translated into beneficent (if sometimes blundering) action. Both Cowper and Romney were the gainers by his friendship. So was Blake, and if in the end that irritable genius found his patronage intolerable, it should not be forgotten that at the time of its exercise Blake was an obscure and

unsuccessful engraver, while the author of "The Triumphs of Temper" had refused the Laureateship. Hayley was frequently preposterous, but he was generous in thought and deed and utterly without malice. He is an easy target for derision: Mr. Bishop has chosen the better part in according him the smile of sympathy. His book is as just as it is entertaining, and that is to say much.

Letitia Landon, who signed herself L. E. L., was a worse poet even than Hayley, but Miss Helen Ashton's book about her is not so good as Mr. Bishop's. A novel, or rather a fictional embroidery of fact, it gushes prettily along, exhalant the faded perfume of those "Keepsakes" and "Books of Beauty" to which its heroine was so assiduous a contributor; and presenting a conscientiously exhaustive panorama of the half-fashionable, half-Bohemian, post-Byronic world of which Lady Blessington and Caroline Norton were the queens. Yet in spite of the sentimental complications with William Maginn and Edward Bulwer and John Forster, and the poison-pen letters which Miss Ashton surmises to have been written by the outrageous Rosina Bulwer, and the amazing marriage to the violent and taciturn Governor of the Gold Coast and the lonely and mysterious death there, *Letty Landon* somehow fails to excite any very ardent interest in the luckless poetess's fate.

Jane Franklin (*née* Griffin) also became a Governor's lady—but how different a one from poor L. E. L.! But then she had a very different husband from George Maclean. The great explorer, not altogether happy in his shore appointment, was only too willing to let his wife have a finger in the official pie. She meant well and some of her activities were beneficent, but it is obvious that Sir John's troubles in what was then Van Diemen's Land were a good deal due to his wife's propensity to management. That propensity, and her abounding energy and self-confidence, were to stand her in good stead in later years, when her husband had been lost in the adventure of the North-west Passage. Her pertinacity in the search for him makes a heroic tale.

Naturally this has a large place in *Portrait of Jane*, which Miss Frances J. Woodward has compiled from her unpublished diaries and letters. So have her indefatigable travels, which did not end till she was nearly eighty. But the record of these is rather conventional, and it is the earlier diaries that are, in themselves, of greatest interest. Jane Griffin did not become Lady Franklin till she was thirty-seven, and before that she had had many admirers. Of their advances and retreats, and her own responses to them, these diaries are the minute register. Her finger was always on her own emotional pulse. This was often agitated, for while she hated to relinquish a lover she was as loth to commit herself. Beneath her surface sensibility there was a hard core of egoism which made her the notable woman she became. She had also, at this time, a very lively pen. FRANCIS BICKLEY



### Constructive Art Criticism

Mr. H. Caudwell is pleading in *The Creative Impulse* for better teaching and understanding of the ideal values that underlie the work of the artist. Limiting himself to writing and painting he condenses a world of flocculent modern criticism and a wealth of verbal and pictorial illustration into a handful of cheerful pages offering no difficulties to the uninitiated. If at times in his desire to be intelligible he presents the half-truth as if it were the whole story—as, for instance, in his condemnation of the present day for its materialism—he is on solid ground in claiming that art effort is not only one of the spiritual indispensables but even an essential factor in the practical politics of the state. On the other hand, when warning the practical-minded against too prompt rejection of the new and strange he perhaps does not always escape the equal danger of over-complaisance in accepting things that are newer and stranger.

C. C. F.

### The Inhuman Land

Traditionally Ivan Ivanovitch was a happy-go-lucky, disputatious fellow loving carousals, song and dancing. That was before a Georgian seminarist called Stalin made Holy Russia *The Inhuman Land* of which Mr. Joseph Czapaski with his gifted artist's brush paints a horrid picture. In 1939 Mr. Czapaski found himself a prisoner of war in Russia, which he had known before 1914 and where he lived through the early years of the Bolshevik Revolution. After Poland became Russia's ally in September, 1941, General Anders gave him the heart-breaking task of finding the thousands of Poles who had vanished in Russia without leaving a trace. His story (brilliantly translated by Mr. Gerard Hopkins) of his wanderings over the Soviet Union makes up into a deeply moving panorama of Russian life irradiated by sympathy for the victims of Soviet tyranny. To-day "Comrade" Ivan Ivanovitch is a sullen, half-starved fellow who nevertheless cherishes a faint hope of liberation.

I. F. D. M.

### Immortal Normandy

So much of Normandy died that France might live that the tourist needs a guide with pre-war and post-war credentials. Mr. Vivian Rowe is that and more. For he entered Mulberry Harbour in 1944; and, though his *Return to Normandy* was repeated later, what he does tell of the fighting is told with insight, authority and modesty. His book is a certain lure for newcomers. Those who knew their Normandy of old will be exhilarated to learn how much of the traditional life remains and how much pride there is in it. Of its embodiment in stone and timber a great deal has gone; and a great deal capriciously survives. Dull Bayeux is intact; beautiful Vire, beloved of Belloc, erased. Domfront persists, with its hideous modern church; Mortain, friendly and unspoilt, is a "site"—and so on.

Where there are many ruins there are few hotels. This caution is not the least of a delightful book's practical services.

H. P. E.

### The American Family Kimbrough

No Briton to-day need deplore his ignorance of American family life; American writers have seen to that. They do this sort of thing well; the domestic round in Chicago is probably no more exciting than in Birmingham, but they make it seem so, just as New York is made to seem a livelier city than London—which it may not be. The latest contribution, *Hand in Hand*, comes from Miss Emily Kimbrough, who will be remembered for her collaboration in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." A middle-class family of "Hoosier hayseeds"—father, mother, small daughter, smaller son—moves from the Indiana countryside to Chicago with consequent repercussions. The student will find young America more commercially-minded than young Britain, more addicted to the telephone, preparing



"Well, I suppose we can learn."

itself more seriously for such pleasures as a visit to the opera; subtle differences invest the parental-filial relation. Miss Kimbrough's presentation is photographic, intimate, amusing, engaging, and at her one touch of tragedy she does not falter. A drift into slapstick occasionally mars her fun.

H. B.

### Philosophical Melodrama

Mr. Robert Penn Warren's *World Enough and Time* is based on a murder trial held in Kentucky in 1826. The theme is the nature of justice, and the turns and twists in the argument are as exciting as the turns and twists in the plot. Once the story has begun to grip, the deliberation of the writing and the amount of detail in the descriptions are seen to fit the range and complexity of the material. The novel can be enjoyed on many levels: as an historical romance, as an exploration of character, as a study of a place, as a study of a time and as a study of Politics. It is as impressive as "All the King's Men," and should make as good a film. Historical fiction has been rather thin lately, all surface and no criticism of life. Mr. Penn Warren has revived the tradition of Tolstoy and used the past for the serious purposes of art.

R. G. O. P.

### Pilgrimage by Proxy

In *Literary Britain* Mr. Bill Brandt evokes memories of seventy-five departed authors, from Langland to Shaw, with a hundred and one beautifully composed photographs (admirably printed on a large quarto marginless page) of the countryside or houses in which they were born or wrote, or which they used for the background or inspiration of their work—with appropriate quotations and historical notes. Mr. Brandt's special



"No thank you, I never win anything."

quirk of massing deep shadows for dramatic effect does indeed suggest an island permanently wrapped in inappetent gloom. But this may readily be forgiven him for the interest which his bold handling excites—an interest that includes lively curiosity as to how the trick is done. Mr. John Hayward's prefatory note suggests solid uses for this collection. Less seriously, it might well provide excellent material for informal parlour-quizzes in literary or semi-literary circles.

J. P. T.

### Bluebeard's Chamber

A noble earl, his young countess, his castle with Bluebeard's chamber in the keep (its secret known only to four faithful servants); surely it is long since these were current as the materials for a novel! In *The Relentless Marriage* Mr. Mortan Lambert has reissued them all. The countess, who has charm and spirit, is innocent and orphaned, the earl is reticent and moody and stands on his dignity, though he does little else about it. The secret of the keep nearly spoils their marriage, causes the death of their first child, but gives the little countess opportunity, for love of her lord, to risk her life, according to her doctor's rather casually formed opinions, in providing him with an heir. It is all very true to type, except that the earl has the morals and temper of an unpleasant tom cat. The contemporary social scene and some Shropshire scenery are pleasantly touched in.

B. E. S.

### Books Reviewed Above

- Blake's Hayley*. Mordaunt Bishop. (Gollancz, 25/-)  
*Letty Landon*. Helen Ashton. (Collins, 10/6)  
*Portrait of Jane*. Frances J. Woodward. (Hodder and Stoughton, 25/-)  
*The Creative Impulse*. H. Caudwell. (Macmillan, 8/6)  
*The Inhuman Land*. Joseph Czapski. (Chatto and Windus, 16/-)  
*Return to Normandy*. Vivian Rowe. (Evans Brothers, 12/6)  
*Hand in Hand*. Emily Kimbrough. (Constable, 12/6)  
*World Enough and Time*. Robert Penn Warren. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15/-)  
*Literary Britain*. Bill Brandt. (Cassell, 45/-)  
*The Relentless Marriage*. Mortan Lambert. (Peter Davies, 10/6)

### Other Recommended Books

- The West Pier*. Patrick Hamilton. (Constable, 12/6)  
 First instalment of the life-story of an unpleasant, consciously evil character who in later volumes is to become a formidable villain. This self-contained episode, set in Brighton during and after the first war, is very entertainingly written, rather more in the facetious, knowing Arnold Bennett manner than is usual for Mr. Hamilton.  
*The Unsophisticated Arts*. Barbara Jones. (Architectural Press, 25/-) "This book is about the things that people make for themselves or that are manufactured in their taste." It wanders happily from Taxidermy to Canal Boat decoration and from Amusement Arcades to Fireworks. It is evocative, critical, curious and entertaining. Copiously illustrated with photographs and with drawings and paintings by the author.  
*Clerihews Complete*. E. Clerihew Bentley. (Werner Laurie, 12/6) "Biography for Beginners," "More Biography" and "Baseless Biography" in one volume, with the illustrations by G. K. Chesterton, Victor Reinganum and Nicolas Bentley. More than a hundred examples of the Clerihew by its honoured inventor. (See how many are classics, how often misquoted.)  
*Neck and Neck*. Leo Bruce. (Gollancz, 9/6) Sergeant Beef in another neatly plotted and amusingly decorated puzzle.



## THE NARROW ESCAPE

THERE was trouble in the drawing room. Mrs. Cassidy stood by the door, her arms full of muddy clothing, her face red with excitement and sympathetic interest.

Peter's father scowled. Peter shuffled his feet. "But, father," he protested, "how was I to know it was boggy there!"

"The mountain is all bog that way. Isn't that so, Mrs. Cassidy?"

"Oh, yes, sir." She nodded vigorously and her black hair fell around her face. "There's divil a bit of land out there that isn't bog. Waa'n't it just three years ago that Tim Corrigan went down in it? And him sitting in his cart and a horse between the shafts and all; and only his cap sticking out of the mud on top. Oh, it was a sad day, with Molly Corrigan standing on the edge crying 'Give him to me back! Give him to me back!'"

"But I saw Tim Corrigan only last week, Mrs. Cassidy."

"Very likely you did, Master Peter. For it was himself put the cap on the bog and sent John Kelly home to tell Molly he was drowned, on account of them having words. And they had more words after it, for the cap that he threw in the bog was not his but Molly's own."

"Well!" said the father.

"Well, sir, it just shows how deep them bogs can be, doesn't it?"

The father turned on his son. "I don't mind you taking a girl for a picnic in my car. But to take it on Slieu Ddu . . . and after the rains we've had . . ."

"But I wanted to show her the view."

"Oh, the poor wee mite!" exclaimed Mrs. Cassidy, her eyes suddenly brimming with tears. "He always was a soft one for a bit of a view. Ever since the time I dandled him on these poor old knees . . ."

"That's enough, Mrs. Cassidy," said the father. "What are you carrying?"

Mrs. Cassidy waved the muddy rags in the air. "They were in the car, sir. All mud and muck as if the cow itself had been doing one of Orry Kelly's jigs over them. There's



the mistress's coat and her mac and there's a bit of cardigan left." She held them up, one by one.

Peter explained that he wrapped the clothes, which happened to be on the back seat of the car, around the rear wheels, so that they would grip in the mud.

"Words fail me!" said the father, throwing up his hands in despair. "Burn them, Mrs. Cassidy."

"Words fail me too, sir," shouted Mrs. Cassidy, as she went towards the kitchen, "except to offer up a prayer of thankfulness and say it was merciful providence that the mistress wasn't in the clothes at the time, or she'd have been entirely run over."

## THE NEW NEWSBOY

THE customer is "Sir" to him, His clothes are neat, his hair is trim;

He knows the way, is never late And always shuts the garden gate.

He's innocent of newsboy crimes Like mixing *Mirrors* with *The Times*; He finds no other lads to fight And makes no dates with girls at night.

How did he in these slipshod days Acquire such nice Victorian ways— Industrious, polite and straight? The answer: he is sixty-eight.

## HOW I WONDER WHAT YOU ARE

"SHE sits at the next table to the very brown man who said to you 'I wonder whether in the course of your travels you have ever had the misfortune to tread on a sea egg'?"

"Do you mean the one who asked for more butter?"

"Yes. It seems that her husband is a bishop."

"Who told you that?"

"The woman who sits in the bay window, with the prematurely bald son."

"Well, all I can say is, it's very odd, because I saw her in the smoke room last night with the people who got stuck in the lift, listening to the big fight and drinking gin."

"I don't see anything particularly odd about that. She may have felt that she could do good work there."

"It was a large gin. And after the fight was over she said 'That's cost me a pound.'"

"Well, I'm simply repeating what I was told by the woman with the prematurely bald son. In any case, he's coming here to-morrow, so we'll soon know whether he's a bishop or not."

"To this hotel?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then that's odd again, because I was in the garage this morning, and the man there told me that they only expected one more arrival this week, and he was a professional footballer."

"But surely it's not very difficult to think of an explanation for that. The bishop may have played for the Corinthians, perhaps, in his younger days, and this garage man might quite easily think they were a professional team. Either that, or it might be—of course this is guesswork, pure and simple, for I know nothing whatever about it—but it might be that one of the large clubs has appointed him as some sort of spiritual adviser."

"I should doubt that very much. I should think it's a good deal more likely that it's simply a silly mistake on the part of the woman with the prematurely bald son. She'll say anything, according to the sea egg man. You know those foreign-looking people who sit near the door?"

"Next to the people with the child who fell under the table?"

"No, no. Next to the man we saw fishing on the pier—the one you say wears a toupee. You remember their daughter—the pale one with the terrific laugh, not the one you saw with the hot water bottle!—Well, the woman with the p.b.s. says she's made a sensational success in grand opera—Sir Thomas Beecham discovered her at a church concert, according to this woman—and yet only this morning the freckled chambermaid told me she'd been singing 'Ole Man River' in her bath, and that the man with the iron-grey hair and that awful dog, who got his fingers trapped in the

deck-chair, had complained to the management. He said he'd never heard a more filthy din in the whole course of his life, and he should know what he's talking about, for he's music critic to *The Times*, so the sea egg man told me."

"Well, frankly, I don't believe it—that he's *The Times* music critic, I mean—because I saw him at the swimming pool yesterday, and he had a three-masted sailing ship tattooed across his chest."

"I must say I can't see any particular reason—"

"And he always reads the *Argus*."

"Well, even so . . . But talking of the *Argus*, that reminds me: do you know the editor and his wife are here?"

"Could they be the people who ordered the bottle of wine, do you think?"

"I don't know. But I heard the quiet man whose forehead is skinning so badly say to the woman with the p.b.s. that they were the 'very gossipy couple'."

"Who on earth can they be?"

T. S. WATT

"Stating that present-day boys and girls have no respect for anyone both at home and at school, he declared, 'boys must be made to be boys and girls must be made to be girls until they are out of school.'—*Accra "Daily Graphic"*

And then?



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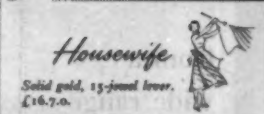
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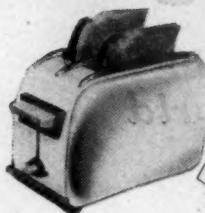
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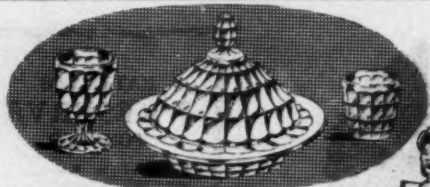
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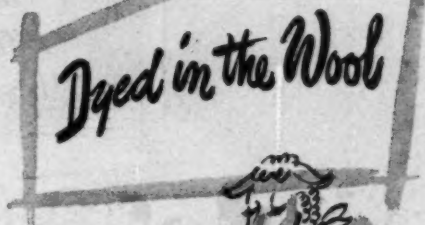
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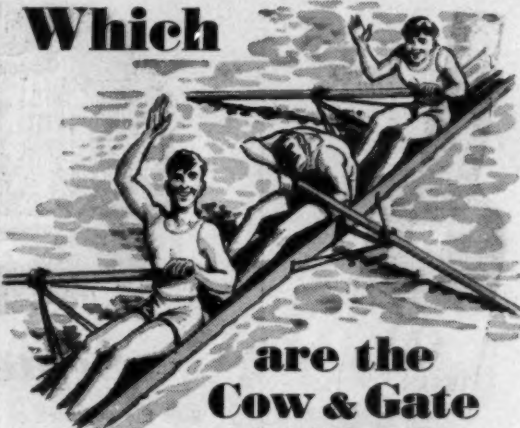
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## School for Mothers



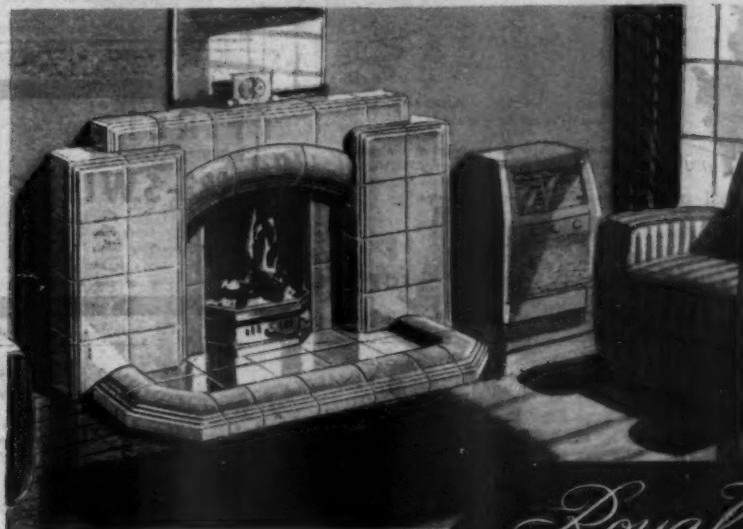
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"Tell me, Gerald, is it a bad dream or am I really a mountain goat with suicidal tendencies?"

"You closely resemble a man clutching at a rope."

"I feared so. At what point last night did we plan this senseless act of heroism?"

"At brimming point, old boy."

*If you'd taken a little more Rose's with the gin you'd have a better head for heights."*

"Today, Gerald, my head is a painful subject."

*"Then attack it very firmly to this flask of Rose's Lime Juice! I have never known the restorative powers of Rose's to fail—even when faced with an awkward overhang."*

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... while a little girl dreams in the sun. He has seen it all before—the flags, the crowds and the processions—but to her they are new and exciting and something that she will always remember. It is our hope that in this Festival year all our friends from overseas may see the sights of London through her eyes.

**BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED**



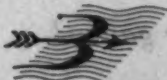
Drawn by A. B. THOMSON, R.A.

## A.B. in a paper boat

It takes more than the boy with the bicycle to deliver the morning newspapers which rustle so regularly through your letter-box. Well back in the chain of production you would find Olaf Larsen<sup>o</sup>—that is, if you knew where to look for him. A likely place would be Bowaters' private docks at Ridham, serving their paper mills at Kemsley and Sittingbourne in Kent.

Larsen is an Able Seaman, a foremast hand in one of the ships which, from May to December, converge on England with decks stacked high with logs of spruce which is paper in the raw. There are many such ships chartered by Bowaters, for each separate paper-making machine needs the trunks of 10,000 trees to keep it going for one week.

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<sup>o</sup> Fictitious name for a real character.



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*Mr. Mercury will  
give you more miles  
per gallon!*

**NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE**

## "South African Sherry for me every time

So I've converted you, too, then?

You certainly have! Do you remember you told me to look specially for the fine South African sherries. Since then, I've found some which are just exactly to my taste. And don't you find them easy on the pocket, too? That means something these days!

Yes, how is it they can send us such remarkably good wines at such a reasonable price?

Well, there are two reasons: that amazing climate of theirs at the Cape, and then the Preferential Duty.

No wonder South African Sherry is becoming so popular, then.

It deserves to be. Do you know they've been making wine in South Africa for nearly 300 years. With all that experience behind them and the splendid organization they have now built up, they're able to produce the very highest quality. Their really fine wines are matured for many years before they're shipped to this country.

I suppose we can now say, then, that South Africa is one of the leading wine producing countries?

Well, wouldn't you say it was, from the taste of this sherry? Let me fill your glass!"

**SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS  
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(LONDON) LIMITED**



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Issued by the Irish Tourist Board



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high getting down to an enquiry from a cheese

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in handling

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organisms now if there are three

things Accles and Pollock like one

is an occasional whiff

of culture another is a slice of

cream cheese and the third is making

tubes precisely speaking they aren't all

that fussy about the culture or the cheese either

if the enquiry is really

interesting enough said



What's a  
wet seal?



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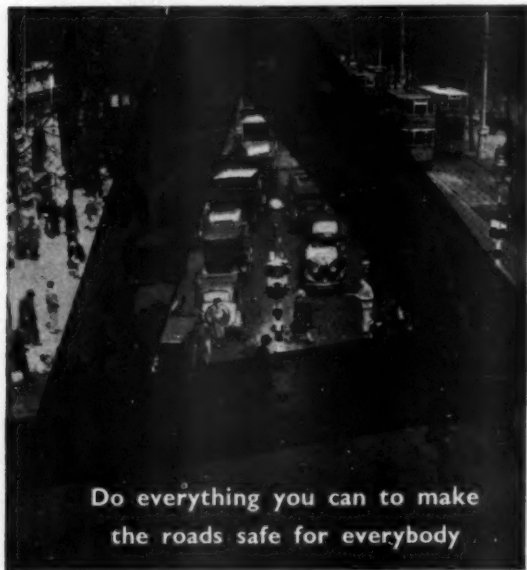
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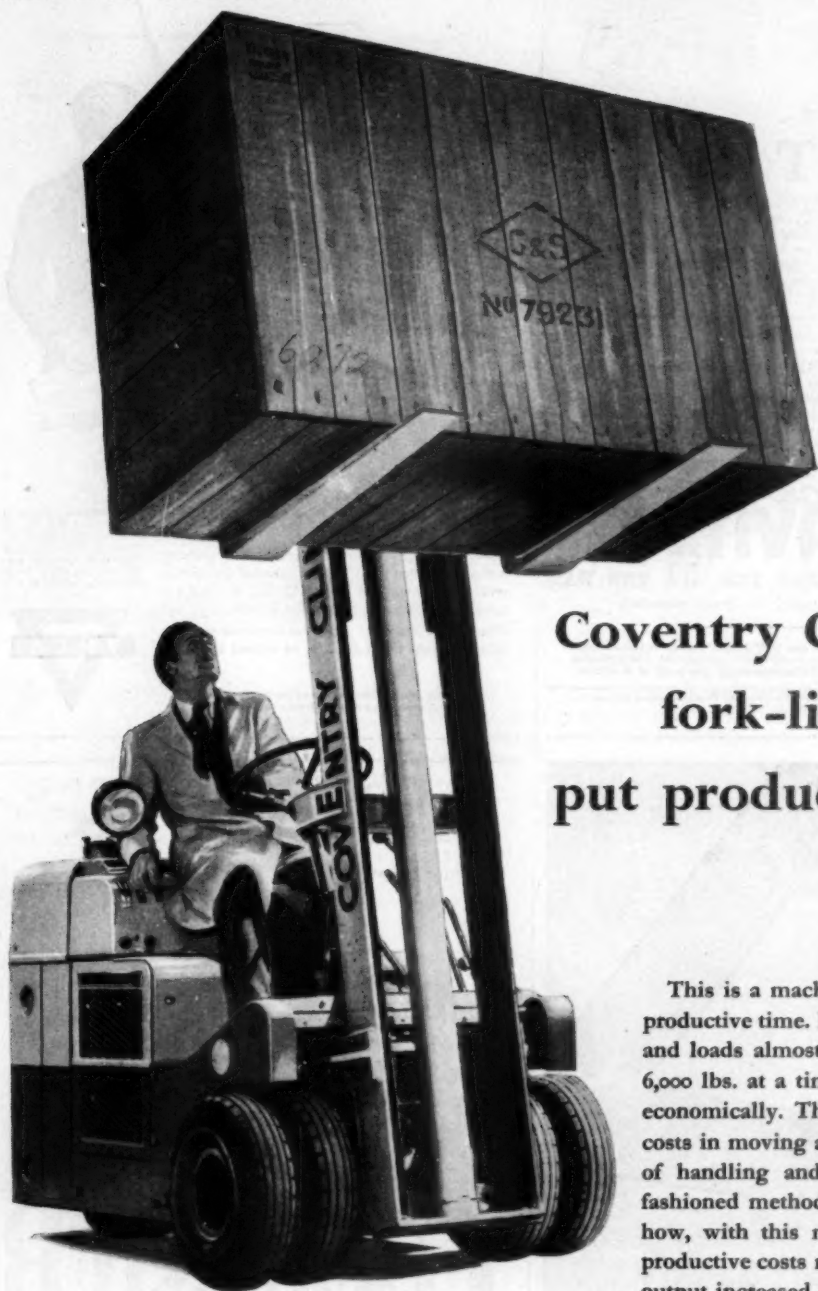
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